HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—NO. 132.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY beg to draw public attention to the following list of WAR ILLUSTRATIONS which, among others, have been published in this Journal within a few weeks:

PLACES.

A magnificent View of MILAN AND VICINITY.
A magnificent View of GENOA.
A magnificent View of TURIN.
A magnificent View of ALESSANDRIA.
A magnificent View of COMO.
The BRIDGE across the Ticino at Buffalora.
PLACE D'ARMES at Milan.
A MAP of the Theatre of the War.
Another MAP, containing more Names, and a clearer Picture of Northern Italy than any other Map in existence.

PORTRAITS.

The Emperor NAPOLEON III. and his Generals—to wit, Prince NAPOLEON, BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS, MACMAHON, CANROBERT, RANDON, MAGNAN, CASTELLANE, MALAKOFF, AND NIEL.
The Emperor FRANCIS-JOSEPH and his Generals—to wit, Generals HESS, BENEDEK, etc., etc.
King VICTOR EMANUEL.
General GYULAI.
GARIBALDI.
Count CAVOUR.
Cardinal ANTONELLI.
KING OF NAPLES.
A TYROLESE RIFLEMAN.
A ZOUAVE.
A TURCO.

WAR SCENES.

Departure of Volunteers from Leghorn.
Departure of the Zouaves from Paris.
Arrival of the French in Piedmont.
March of the French through Alessandria.
Austrian Officers at a Café in Milan.
Austrian Exactions at Vercelli.
Sardinians in Uniform.
Skirmish at Frassinetto.
Spies caught at Alessandria.
Battle of Montebello.
Passage of the Sesia.
The Emperor visiting the Wounded.
The Imperial Tent, etc.
Charge of the Zouaves.

The above list is the best possible evidence of the intention and capacity of the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY to provide their subscribers with a fully illustrated history of the times in which we live.

NEW YORK, 1st *July*, 1859.

FIRE IN THE FOURTH.

FROM OUR FRENCH CONTRIBUTOR.

MONSIEUR THE EDITOR,—I have assist at one of the very striking spectacles of your city—I mean an incendiary scene. I dispatch myself to recount to you the details and the emotions which arose in my bosom at the sight.

I was promenade in Broadway with the lovely Therèse—whom, in the language of one of your own poets, "to know is to love"—and I flatter myself that we was much regard by the fashionables of your city, as much for the *chic* of my attire, which was fresh from Rue Richelieu, as for the *tout ensemble* of our aspect. Therèse wore a *robe a quille*, *bleu changeant*; her *chapeau* was *bleu du ciel*, *avec perles* in clusters. Her *bottines* (ah! Monsieur the Editor, why shall you not reform the boots of your women? Your journals boast themselves much on the progress of your civilization; but your women wear boots of brown paper, without substance and without shape. You are barbarians as to your female feet, Monsieur) were black, small, lovely, seductive, appetizing, with substantial soles, and mounting the ankle modestly. Altogether she was *mise* perfectly; and the young fly-gobblers stare most grossly at her; of which I, knowing her constancy, can afford to mock myself.

Presently we hear a cry—"O-o-o-a-o-oh!" Then come "A-a-a-a-a-ah!" Then "Ai-ai-ai-ai-ai!" We stop ourselves, and remain at the listening. Then a bell ring, once, twice, thrice, four times. Somebody says it is a fire. Therèse seize herself of my arm and cry: "My God! we are lost!"

"Reassure thyself!" I reply; "we shall perish together." And, by way of precaution, I to her slip the arm round the waist, and plant myself in a firm attitude.

"Fire! fire!" shout a vile boy, as he run past us. Therèse palpitates; I feel it.

A monster in a red shirt, the face of him redder than the shirt, rush past and roar, "Come on, you beggar!"

The mustard mounts me to the nose, and I say to him:

"Beggar yourself, *polisson!*"

Then to Therèse:

"Angel, glory and danger call. I must leave thee. It shall never be said that where an American would go a Frenchman shall fear to follow. If I see thee never more, remember Eugène."

She scream and she sob. But a true man of heart knows to steel himself against such appeals. I plant a warm kiss on her forehead, and I launch myself.

"O-o-o-o-oh! a-a-a-a-ah!" The noise come nearer and nearer, and now I see a regiment of *pompiers* (pumpers I suppose you call them) roaring and racing down the street drawing a fire-engine. In front of them there run a man with a trumpet, who roar twice, five time, ten time as loud as the others. When I see them, the ardor seizes me, and I roar too. I cry: "*Vive la Republique! A bas les tyrans! En avant!*"

I was cry these manly words when a gross brute strike me on the inside of the leg, and I fall. I lift myself incessantly and seek my outrager. He had fly, the cowardly villain; but the pumpers were upon me; and the commander he put the trumpet to my ear, and he roar,

"Bear a hand, old cock!"

I was just going to say I was no cock, but an ex-militaire, when I find myself environed by pumpers, all running; and to save myself from being overrun and crushed to death I seize the rope and run with the engine. It was very agreeable at first; but after a few minutes I begin to lose breath, and I say, "Easy, my friends, easy!"

"Go ahead!" growl a red shirt in the behind of me.

"Stir up, Johnny Crapeau!" say another shirt.

"Hit him a lick on the nob!" cry another shirt.

"Kick him in the shins!" grunt another.

Justly indignant at this profanation of hospitality to a foreigner, I begin to say,

"Which of you will fight yourself with me with a pistol—"

But just then the capitaine of the engine, a brutal fellow, with superhuman strength, seize me by the collar, tap me seven or eight times, with the force of a giant, with his trumpet on the head and back, and shout, "Go ahead, or I'll spill your brains!"

Then I see that by your laws, if a man don't run with an engine his life is forfeit to the State; so I say to myself, "Therèse, remember Eugène!" and on I go, ready to die.

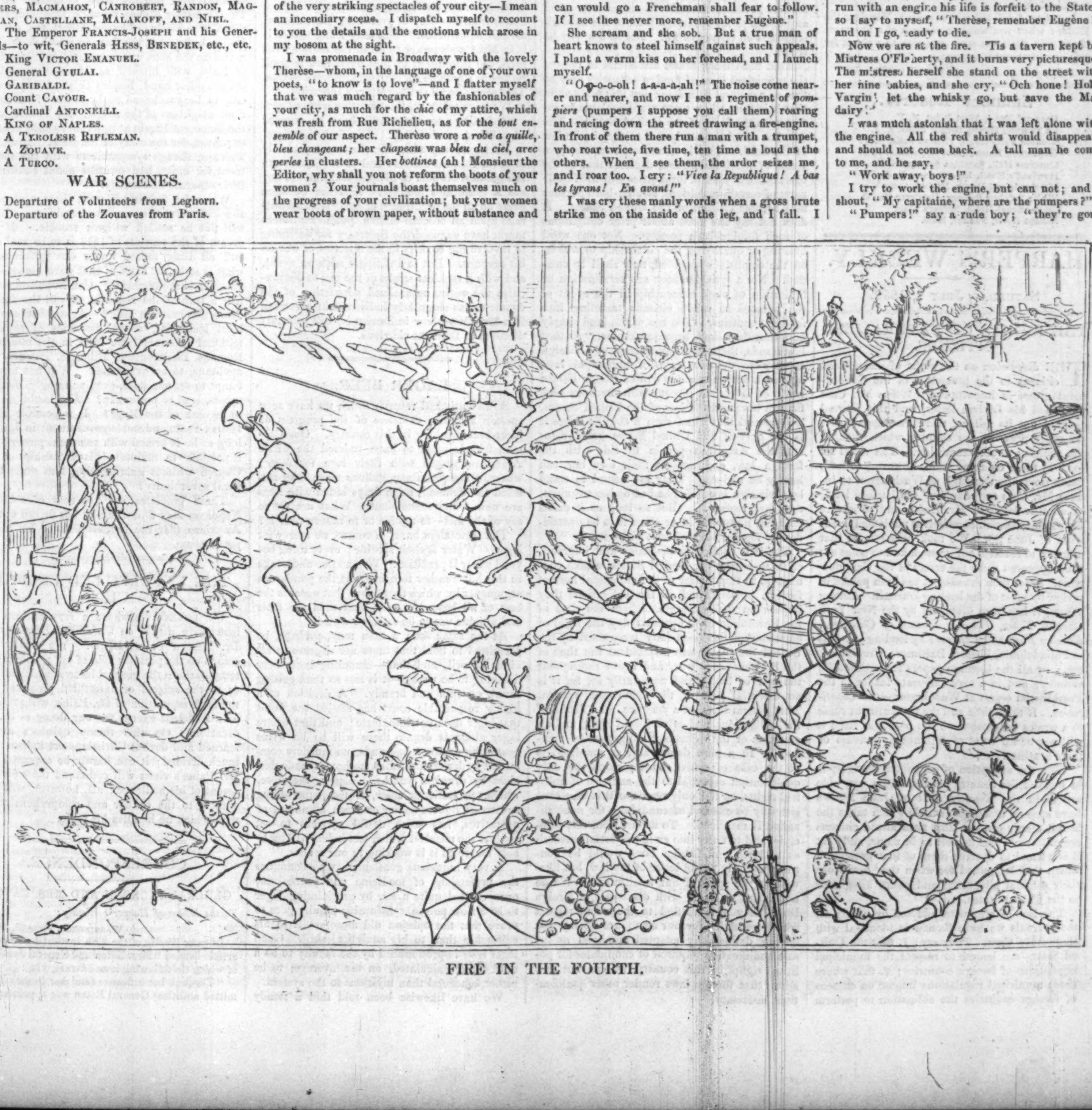
Now we are at the fire. 'Tis a tavern kept by Mistress O'Flaherty, and it burns very picturesque. The mistress herself she stand on the street with her nine babies, and she cry, "Och hone! Holy Vargin! let the whisky go, but save the Madairy!"

I was much astonish that I was left alone with the engine. All the red shirts would disappear, and should not come back. A tall man he come to me, and he say,

"Work away, boys!"

I try to work the engine, but can not; and I shout, "My capitaine, where are the pumpers?"

"Pumpers!" say a rude boy; "they're gone



FIRE IN THE FOURTH.

to save the Madairy. Didn't you hear the woman call them? Say you will, Josey!"

Two small boys and one man come to help me; then two more men with fire coats; and we work pretty well. It was very fatiguing and very hot; but I think of Therèse and of glory, and I work on. Presently I seek my handkerchief to wipe my brow. It is gone—not the brow, but the handkerchief. I am much astonish, and I wonder who was the thief. I look for my watch. Gone, too! My purse. Gone, too!

"*Morbleu!*" I cry myself, "who has violate my person and carry off my properties?"

"Down with her, boys!" the capitaine cries himself, looking at me.

At this horrid speech my senses overcome me. Even Therèse vanish from my mind. Even glory cease to charm when it appear that I am to be rob, to be violate in my properties, and, after all, to be trample to death—for that was what the execrable capitaine mean when he cry, "Down with her!" So I let go the engine and run. I run, run —oh! monsieur, I run faster as any locomotive— with the fearful cry in my ear, "Down with her!" until I reach my lodgings in Franklin Street, and stuff myself into my bed, all panting and choking.

As soon as my voice return I send for a little refreshment, and the good Madame Brown she confection for me a small brandy punch, a little glass of absinthe, a cocks-tail, and two lovely cobblaires. As soon as I shall have consume these agreeable refreshments, it seem to me that I have done wrong to return home without avenging myself on the brutal violators of my properties, and I resolve to pursue them without delay. But Providence protected them. The kind-hearted but over-timid Mrs. Brown, seeing my purpose in the manly face of me, treacherously concealed my *pantalons* and my boots, and of course I could not wreak my vengeance upon the pumpers in my *chemise*. So once more I lay myself down on my couch and dream—oh! fearful dreams—of being a burning tavern, with myriads of drunken pumpers drinking Madairy out of my nose; of superhuman capitaines battering the head of me with Satanic redhot trumpets; of one horrid red shirt swearing that I was afire, and ramming the nozzle of the hose down my throat to extinguish the conflagration; of Therèse, who somehow was in an upper garret of the burning building, which was me; and of the terrible heroic efforts I made to relieve her, but in vain, my garret being so hot—ah! Monsieur, what terrible dreams.

In verity, I will tell you one thing, Monsieur the Editor: when you want an account of a fire more times, you shall get some one else to write it for you as your humble servant,

Eugène Grobichon.

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
Charles Island House, Milford, Conn.
White Sulphur Springs, Delaware Co., O.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Nahant Hotel, Nahant, Mass.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 9, 1859.

THE RIGHTS OF NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

THE discussion on the right of naturalized citizens to the protection of the Government grows in importance. When Mr. Cass published his Leclerc letter, and this journal pointed out its fallacy, there was, apparently, no other press in the country which thought the question worth examining. The views set forth in these columns seem, however, to have made impression enough at Washington to induce Mr. Cass to "explain" his Leclerc letter by another letter to Mr. Hofer, and to inspire the communication to ourselves published in our issue of June 25. We took occasion, in that number, to reaffirm our ground, and to point out what appeared to be the errors of the Cass doctrine. Since then the subject has been passed in review by most of the leading journals. Among others, it has been discussed by the New York *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Evening Post*, and *Express*; by leading journals at Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, etc.; by all the German papers throughout the country; and in a very elaborate leader in the Presidential organ at Washington—the *Constitution*. If the public and the Government come to a wrong conclusion on the points at issue it will not be for want of a thorough canvass of their bearings.

With the exception of occasional paragraphs in some of the country papers, and a very able article in the *Evening Post* of June 28, we have seen no newspaper article which takes the broad, manly ground that naturalized citizens are citizens in fact as well as in name, and that it is a fraud to deprive them of that protection which they bargained for when they foreswore their original allegiance and swore allegiance to the United States.

The line of argument adopted by nearly all the journals we have named is identical with that of Mr. Cass. They say: 1. that the United States are bound to respect the municipal regulations of foreign countries; 2. that where those municipal regulations impose on citizens of foreign countries the obligation to perform military service, a naturalization here can not discharge the obligation; and 3. that, though naturalized citizens can not be claimed by their original sovereigns so long as they remain in this country, if they return to their old homes they become liable to all the obligations which may have existed against them at the time of their expatriation. Some of the journals before us indulge in a little light pleasantry about the American eagle, who, poor bird, has been very needlessly dragged by rhetorical politicians into the controversy; and one journal, quoting rather copiously (without acknowledgment) from Mr. Hildreth's History, leans to the Federalist opinion that foreign-born citizens are "renegades anyhow," and shouldn't be naturalized at all. But the substance of the argument in support of Mr. Cass is contained in the above propositions.

We have no hesitation in denying their soundness. They are specious paradoxes, calculated to obscure a very clear point of law.

In plain English, their meaning is, that naturalization is null and void in the case of a person over whom, at the time of the naturalization, his original sovereign asserted claims. Mr. Cass and his friends entertain us with uncommonly fine distinctions *of place*; Mr. Leclerc, it seems, is a citizen here, but not a citizen when he goes to France; Mr. Hofer is an American citizen in Turkey, but a foreigner when he lands at Bremen. These refinements are too nice for vulgar comprehension. Law and common sense say that, if a man be an American citizen any where, he is one every where; that his citizenship is not subject to geographical limitations, or liable to be affected by climate; it does not melt away under a few degrees more or less of Fahrenheit, or evaporate under a less clear sky than our own. Mr. Cass's idea of citizenship places it on a par with a liver disease or a bad cold, which yield to a change of air, and leave no trace behind. As there is no warrant for classing it among these maladies; as, on the contrary, every school-boy can see that citizenship is a quality which can only be lost by due form of law; we repeat that the position assumed by Mr. Cass and his defenders is that a naturalized citizen who owed any duties to his sovereign prior to his naturalization is no citizen at all. Let us see why he is not.

That the United States are bound to respect the municipal laws of foreign countries may be true as a general principle; but it is quite plain that it is false when these municipal laws conflict with the laws of the United States. The first law which we are bound to obey is the law of the land. That law, under an express provision of the Constitution, declares that by the observance of certain formalities and the fulfillment of certain conditions, foreign-born persons may become citizens of the United States. It does not say one word about prior obligations of such foreign-born persons. Not one word limiting or qualifying the citizenship to which, on the conditions specified, they shall be entitled. Not a syllable about any termination or limitation of such citizenship in the event of the persons so made citizens traveling into foreign countries. The law of the land simply says that they shall become citizens. As that law stands, therefore, any attempt of a foreign country to enforce its own municipal laws against a person made a United States citizen under it, involves a direct conflict between such foreign laws and the law of the United States. To pretend that when such a conflict arises it is the duty of the United States government and the American people to side with the foreign law, and against their own law, can hardly be serious. They are bound to stand by their own law; if it be bad or inconvenient, they may repeal it. But so long as it exists they can not evade it, or allow it to be overridden by foreign laws without disgrace.

But it is in fact unreasonable and impracticable to expect the United States to take cognizance in this matter of the municipal laws of foreign powers, and of the obligations they impose on their subjects. From the time of the Revolution to the present day the right of expatriation has been fully recognized by the United States; it was asserted at the time of the Revolutionary war, and again throughout the war of 1812; and necessarily so, for it is an essential part of the democratic system. That system rests, in a measure, on a denial of the obligations and privileges of birth, and an assertion of the rights and obligations of manhood. In a pure democracy, as manhood is in the case of native-born persons the only qualification essential to the exercise of political rights, so the only requisite that can consistently be exacted of candidates for naturalization is manhood. To depart from this principle, and to enter into an inquisitorial research as to birth and foreign laws, would be contrary not only to the letter of the law, but likewise to the spirit of our institutions. We do not desire to speak with disrespect of foreign laws; they are entitled to the same respect which we claim for our own; but we say that having deliberately adopted manhood as the sole qualification required of candidates for political rights in this country, we can not now admit that foreign laws render other qualifications necessary.

To do so, in fact, would render our courts mere instruments of foreign Powers. Suppose, for instance, that the Cass doctrine were to prevail; that the naturalization laws were altered to suit it; and that henceforth, before a foreign-born person could become an American citizen, he were bound to establish that he owed nothing to his original sovereign—into what a maze of difficulties would our courts be plunged! France and Germany exact military service of their people; the American Judge would be bound to satisfy himself that such service had been performed; if it had not, he would, of course, refuse the certificate, and thus become a recruiting agent for Louis Napoleon. Great Britain holds the doctrine of perpetual allegiance; no British subject could ever be naturalized, for his obligations to his native country only end with his death. Russia denies the right of expatriation—even for a time; no Russian, therefore, could ever become a citizen. And not only would it be the duty of the American Court to ascertain and execute the existing laws of all these foreign Powers, but any future laws made by foreign Sovereigns would be equally entitled to attention. Any petty German prince might, by an ordinance, render it impossible for any of his subjects to obtain a naturalization here. That the princes of Germany would do so, can not be doubted; for emigration to the United States is ruining them, and nothing would check emigration to this country so quickly as a denial of political rights to foreign-born residents.

We have entered into these considerations solely out of respect for the journals which differ with us and sustain Mr. Cass. In point of fact, it is of no sort of consequence to our Government what foreign statutes say, or whether it be the office of our Courts to execute them. All that the Government has to do is to take the law as it finds it and carry it out faithfully. The law declares that foreign-born persons shall, on certain conditions, become citizens. If those conditions are complied with, the persons in question become citizens, and are entitled to protection; and a hundred letters from Mr. Cass, and a thousand newspaper articles, couldn't invalidate their citizenship, or relieve the United States from the duty of protecting them abroad as well as at home. The only thing which it is in Mr. Cass's power to do in the matter, is to shirk the fulfillment of that duty, and to seek refuge in a quibble for his pusillanimous course. This seems to be the Secretary's intention.

We have taken up this question without personal feeling; we are not likely to be accused of political partisanship. We feel, therefore, at liberty to say that Mr. Cass will probably discover that his Leclerc and Hofer letters are the greatest blunder of his political life. They are a gratuitous blunder. Had the question come up on the occurrence of some isolated outrage upon an obscure citizen, public sentiment might have excused the Secretary for declining to involve the country in the miseries of war on his account. But to anticipate such an event, and with a reckless stroke of the pen to disfranchise the entire naturalized population of the country, was singularly indiscreet in a veteran like Mr. Cass—how indiscreet he will probably discover at the next elections.

LAGER BEER.

Some statistical returns which we have seen contain startling evidence of the progress of lager beer drinking in this country. Our German friends seem to have imbued the whole American people with their love for *lager*; where, a few years ago, gallons more than satisfied the demand, huge drays laden with kegs are now found insufficient. What are we to say of the fact—to rejoice or to mourn over it?

The teetotalers have, of course, no mercy for lager. Water is their specific; every thing beyond water is perdition. We can not undertake in this hot weather to controvert the ponderous arguments by which they prove that water is the best of all beverages, and that men are fools and villains not to be satisfied with it.

At the same time, a man may, perhaps, be permitted to hold that there are degrees in all kinds of evil, and that—assuming lager beer drinking to be wrong—it is less so than getting drunk on rum and brandy. A decision of a highly respectable court has settled the point that lager does not intoxicate; and that where lager alone is drunk there will be no wives beaten by drunken husbands, no murders committed by drunken rowdies, no homes made desolate by drunken youths. Lager, therefore, which, as statistics show, is fast superseding spirituous liquors as the common stimulant of operatives, has some useful services to set against the mischief which teetotalers will probably assure us it is working in our midst.

A very ingenious gentleman, who combines the professions of medicine and journalism, once created quite a stir by proclaiming lager to be a slow poison. Scientific inquiry goes to prove that the opinion did more credit to his editorship than to his analytical skill. Good lager beer is pronounced by the faculty to be a mild tonic, calculated, on the average, to be rather beneficial than injurious to the system.

We have likewise been told that a steady course of lager beer drinking stupefies the faculties. The chief evidence which has been adduced in support of this opinion is the alleged slowness and stupidity of the Bavarians, great lager drinkers. But if the Bavarians are slow and stupid—which they and their friends by no means admit—can nothing account for the fact but lager beer? Has not their climate something to do with it? Are they slower than the Russians, who drink brandy, not beer? than the Croats, who seldom get any thing to drink? And how about the English, who drink as much and far stronger beer than our friends at Munich? Of course, it can hardly be expected that the worthy gentleman who takes twenty-six mugs of lager before noon every day, in presence of an admiring crowd, can be particularly bright in the afternoon; but where the consumption is moderate, stupefaction appears to proceed so slowly as not to be discernible.

THE FUTURE OF ITALY.

Napoleon's Milan Proclamation, which we publish elsewhere, will satisfy all who believe his word that he does not desire to add any part of Italy to France. If he did so, in the face of that pledge, nothing could prevent a European combination against him, which would drive him to a new St. Helena. It is safe, therefore, even for those who do not trust his assurances, to believe that in this instance he dare not violate them. As he says himself, the spirit of the age guarantees Italy against French domination.

What, then, is to become of Italy, after the Austrians have been driven out?

There are at the present time, besides a number of small states and principalities, five great states in Italy—the kingdom of Piedmont, the Lombardo-Venetian States, the Duchy of Tuscany, the States of the Church, and the Kingdom of Naples. For nearly two generations the last four have been practically subject to Austria. Her expulsion will necessitate some remodeling of the Italian map; how shall it be done?

The ardent Roman patriots of 1848 would be satisfied with nothing short of Italian unity. They wanted a Roman republic, stretching from the Alps to Sicily. Charles Albert, too, desired Italian unity; but the form in which he wished to realize the boon was a constitutional kingdom of Italy, with himself as dynastic sovereign. On the other hand, Naples objected very decidedly to be swallowed up by either of its ambitious neighbors of the north; and Venice, with the democrat Manin at its head, steadily refused to pass under the sway of Sardinia. Even the Tuscans, though sympathizers with the movement for unity, had scruples about abdicating their separate nationality.

When the fighting is over, these controversies will revive with undiminished force. They will not be settled without trouble. If the dream of the patriots of 1848 is to be realized, and all Italy united under one government, what is to be the form of that government—republican or monarchical? Can Napoleon establish a transalpine republic, or will the Italian democrats crown a king? Again, how are the local jealousies, which centuries of separate national existence have bred in the minds of Romans, Piedmontese, Milanese, Tuscans, Neapolitans, to be overcome? Will not any attempt to set one state, even seemingly, over the others, lead to outbreaks? And lastly, what is to become of the Pope? Is it possible to establish a safe and stable government in Italy so long as he is armed with temporal power? Is it possible to maintain his Headship of the Church without guaranteeing him some temporal sovereignty?

These problems are not easy of solution. Napoleon may find when he has driven out the Austrians that the hardest part of his task is yet to come.

THE UNFULFILLED PROPHECIES.

We publish elsewhere a very curious and instructive article on Unfulfilled Prophecy, by Dr. Martyn Paine, LL.D. We seldom encroach on the peculiar field of our religious contemporaries; the general interest which attaches to the subject of unfulfilled prophecy, and the high reputation of Dr. Paine, will probably be a sufficient excuse for our doing so on this occasion. On this theme opinions among learned and devout Christians are known to be much divided; it can hardly be expected that Dr. Paine's views will command the universal assent of his audience; all, however, will bear witness to the candor and comprehensiveness with which he handles his topic.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GENERAL JACKSON AND MRS. EATON.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Washington, *June* 28, 1859.

In your *Weekly* of the 25th instant I observe an article headed "Mrs. Eaton and General Jackson," of which the following is an extract, viz.:

"Through her influence (and her husband's admitted abilities) General Eaton was appointed to a

place in the Cabinet, and the lady became soon after a sort of semi-official lady of the White House. Her influence finally became supreme, and of course created a host of enemies. The old General became her partisan, and he went so far as to make it a 'party measure' that Mrs. Eaton should receive the most marked attention from all who came to the White House, and more especially from those who were dependent upon him for office. As a general thing, the wives of the members of the Cabinet, who were especially expected to treat Mrs. Eaton with attention, performed their allotted task with apparent sincerity at least; but Mrs. Calhoun would not and did not conform to the 'usage,' and from this little incident arose circumstances which finally broke up the General's Cabinet, drove Mr. Calhoun into the opposition, and absolutely changed the character of the Democratic party."

This article does General Jackson great injustice, and is inaccurate in many particulars, viz.:

1. It was the personal friendship between General Jackson and Major Eaton which secured to the latter a place in the Cabinet.

2. Mrs. Eaton never had any position in the White House. The lady of the house was Mrs. Donaldson, wife of Major Donaldson, the President's private secretary.

3. General Jackson never required as a "party measure" or otherwise, that any one should pay "marked attention," or any attention, to Mrs. Eaton. Neither the lady of his own house nor one of the ladies of his Cabinet officers, with a single exception, ever visited her. It is true that the General, believing that the tales circulated about Mrs. Eaton were utterly false, and deploring the ill feeling produced among his advisers by family alienations, attempted to satisfy them that those tales were groundless; but in no instance did he require that any one, not even his private secretary nor the ladies of his own household, should associate with Mrs. Eaton or pay her any attention.

4. General Jackson was not alone in the belief that this family difficulty was fostered by political aspirants, for the purpose of breaking up a cabinet which was not so constituted as to promote their views upon the succession. But the breach between him and Mr. Calhoun was wholly independent of these petty feuds, and would doubtless have occurred had Mrs. Eaton never existed. It grew out of a course of events dating back as far as 1818, but not fully developed until 1831.

The brick story with which your article concludes is believed to have no relation to Mrs. Eaton, though it has this foundation, that when a hot brick was urgently required for one of his own family, he promptly loosened one with the tongs from the throat of the chimney, and sent it to the physician. Such is my recollection of an incident mentioned at the time as illustrating the promptitude of General Jackson's mind in meeting emergencies. The inaccuracies of your article are doubtless attributable to impressions made by newspaper misrepresentations during General Jackson's administration, and I doubt not you will be as desirous as I am that justice shall be done to his memory by their correction.

With high respect,

AMOS KENDALL.

THE LOUNGER.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

NATURE always sympathizes with the fervors of our patriotism. If our fathers had declared their independence in mid-winter, how could we ever have warmed ourselves to the proper pitch upon the anniversary? In fact, it is almost impossible to imagine the Fourth of July falling in any season but the summer. How natural it is there! How quietly it comes three days after the first!

These are not meant as hints for the orators who are to-day panting through the thickets of history where our fathers were in the thick of it. And yet if some glowing Demosthenes or Cicero of these transatlantic shores desired a proper period to add to those most polished and eloquent sentences which he has already prepared, and—if Providence is kind—has also committed, the Lounger would humbly suggest an allusion to Monmouth—a long and ardent allusion. For if Burke did not disdain to draw and brandish the very knife to which he alluded, how much more may the orator rejoice to remind his perspiring fellow-countrymen that on precisely such a day as that in which they stew—under that remorseless sun—upon that dry, glittering, shadeless plain of New Jersey, the bloody fight was fought. Yes, fellow-citizens, grandsons of '76, from the bodies of those unflinching men, on that burning day, rolled rivers of blood—even as on this burning day from the bodies of their descendants. Yes, yes, from the very bodies that I behold before me incased in the Sunday broadcloth, roll rivers of s—omething which, as a classic orator, I forbear to name.

Does not the speaker see how closely he would come to the experience of his hearers? Would he not, perhaps, see the very selectmen of the village, six in a pew, sweltering—if he could use such a word—with sympathy?

And one other thing, not at all in this idle vein—one other thing let him not forget to say, which should send a thrill of life through his whole discourse. Remember that on this very day, somewhere upon the hot plain of Northern Italy, brave men and true, with as deep, and more passionate, a love of country as any we know, are standing against a deadlier despotism than we have conceived. In that lovely land, garlanded from Pavia to Venice—from the Alps to the Apennines—with flowers and foliage and swinging vines, and full of heroic memories, heroes are rising to rescue their homes and their most sacred rights, as on the days of Monmouth and Trenton, of Saratoga and Eutaw Springs, of Bunker Hill and Long Island, the men of another land and another century arose.

To-day we honor the one in the name of human freedom—of justice, of civilization, of all good arts and sciences and letters, let us not forget the other. Let the Italians know that, on the day of jubilee for our own baptism of Liberty, we were mindful of those upon whom the sacred drops even now descend. The thought will be as good to them as many subscriptions. It will touch their hearts. It will strengthen their hands.

A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

(From the Orator's private Notes.)

THE day was ushered in by a salute of thirteen guns, and ringing of bells. At 10 o'clock a procession was formed on the green, escorted by the "Freedom Fusileers," with Major Abijah W. Bingo as chief marshal. The church was crowded by the fairest part of the population, giggling, whispering, and waving their fans. The thermometer was 97° at the window behind the pulpit. After the Sunday-school children had sung a hymn and had a few addresses, and the organ had played a voluntary, and the village glee-club had sung a patriotic ode, and the Reverend Timothy G. Narestopper had addressed the Throne of Grace, and the glee-club had sung another song, and Enos H. Blixby, Esq., had read the Declaration of Independence, and Philemon Erdway Mullinson, of the bi-monthly "Voice of the Hills," had read an original ode, and Master Tudkins, of the High School, had recited Smollett's Ode to Independence, the orator of the day blew his nose, cleared his throat, passed his hand through his hair, sucked a lemon, and said:

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I begin by thanking Heaven for a timely topic. I shall continue by discussing it. The question is, Have the citizens of this country equal rights?

The *Tribune*, several other newspapers, and General Cass, say they have not.

These three represent all the parties in the country. There are, then, some men of all parties who deny the equality of the citizens. The President of the United States is of the same opinion. Fellow-citizens, it is an old Federal heresy, and you will not forget that in earlier days the President was a Federalist. What is bred in the bone, etc.

Let us look briefly at this great question.

The very fundamental principle of the American Government is the political equality of all men. In the Constitution which organizes that government there is a single distinction made among the citizens, namely, that no foreign-born citizen shall be elected President. By implication, therefore, in every other possible respect it contemplates them as entirely equal. It seems to specify that particular case because the framers perceived that all the citizens stood upon the same ground, and therefore any one of them, native or foreign, might be elected to the Presidency. This was not deemed advisable, and the single exception was made. Had other exceptions been intended they would have been indicated.

But how could they be? The Government existed at all only in virtue of the assertion of the right of men to choose their own government. Of our own motion we relinquished allegiance to Great Britain and elected a new one, and we virtually proclaimed the right of every man to do the same thing.

Despotism contemplates a man as a born subject of a certain government, in whose formation or continuation he has no voice. The American principle has changed all that, and declares the absolute political freedom of every man; his right, that is, to choose under what government he will live, and his further right to a due share in that government.

And on what ground shall a man's right of choice of the country in which he will live be denied?

He is born, for instance, in Austria, but at years of discretion he loathes the Austrian tyranny and elects to live in a land whose institutions not only develop his manhood, but which has invited him and all men to come, promising to make them citizens, and to give them, under proper conditions of delay, a share in the Government.

But Austria interferes and claims his service on the ground that he was born in Austria, and has lived to an age of discretion during which he has had the advantage of Austrian laws, whereby he has incurred a debt which he can only discharge by personal service—that, in fine, Austria—or England—or whatever the country may be—does not recognize the right of expatriation.

The man's reply is very simple.

"I believe, with America, that every man is born politically a free agent. That I was born in Austria was no choice of mine, and it is something I shall always deplore. You speak of debt—but so long as I lived with you, you called for no service that I did not perform—so long as I lived with you, my industry and good conduct were a full set-off to the protection that you gave me. The account between us was quits at every moment, and when I came to America I renounced the protection of your laws; and your claim upon me to maintain them was invalid at the same moment. I am now a citizen of the United States. How can I serve two masters? If you and the United States declare war, will you ask my adopted and adoptive country to allow me to fight against it if you happen to find me upon your soil at the time? Am I to be liable to be guilty of two simultaneous treasons? one as a citizen of the United States in arms against its power—another, as an Austrian native in arms against the Emperor? The thing is ridiculous. Either I am a citizen of the United States, with the sole disability of ineligibility to the Presidency, but in all other respects entitled to all that Mr. Buchanan or General Cass are entitled to, or I am in the absurd position of being constitutionally competent to be a citizen of the United States without redress under its laws for the most grievous wrong that can befall a citizen, namely the compulsion to bear arms against his country.

"If the United States does not mean to protect me in my most essential rights as a citizen, why does it permit me to be a citizen at all? What a farce and stultification! How can a democratic Government justly make malignant and invidious distinctions among the citizens?"

The letter of the Secretary of State does not allude even remotely to these questions. It merely says that some foreign governments claim perpetual allegiance—and insinuates that we can not make laws for them.

But the assumption is no more than any other assumption which conflicts with ours: and if Austria should declare that every man between fifteen and sixty, who should be found within her dominion on the first of August, should bear arms for her in Italy—would any wise man complain that we made laws for Austria if we insisted upon the protection of every citizen of the United States who might be seized under such a law?

If it be urged that international law has settled such a point as this, the reply is very clear that the point of the last defense of naturalized citizens is *not* yet settled by international law, nor are despotisms likely to settle it as we wish. Shall we, therefore, abdicate the defense and practice of our view until other Governments are pleased to acknowledge it?

The United States of America are quite as competent to declare that every man shall elect his allegiance, as any country in the world is to assert the contrary. Every consideration of principle and policy urges it to that course. It will not be the first old rookery of feudal injustice it has torn down, and it will be by no means the last. By the whole spirit of our Government, and under the Constitution of the United States, except that he could not be elected President, Albert Gallatin, as a citizen, carried with him to the ends of the earth the same inviolability as George Washington. All men in this country are equal citizens in the eye of the intention of our Government. If they are born elsewhere, that Government has contemplated their case, requires a certain probation, and then calls them her children. If she will not protect them as such, she has falsified herself, she has betrayed them, and she has prepared her own destruction.

Three cheers, then, for the American flag, which was meant to protect every where the American citizen!

AFTER US, THE DELUGE.

As the Italian war begins in earnest, and stricken Austria recoils from the Ticino across the Adda to the Mincio—as the public opinion of the world declares with expressive silence against the despotic rule of Austria in Italy, and with the same silence regards the impending doom of that vast and monstrous empire, the tutelary genius of its cruel and terrible power withdraws from the scene, the spectacle becomes mysteriously dramatic—his famous words of eleven years ago are recalled—"After us, the Deluge"—and now it is "after us," and is not this "the Deluge?"

Metternich was eighty-six years old, a Prince, and a famous statesman. Metternich was also Austria, deadly and despotic Austria, body and soul crushing Austria—Austria the enemy of human progress and of mankind—Austria which has for long years sucked the heart's-blood of Italy. This Austria was Metternich.

Of all men of the last century he was the one who has probably caused the most suffering among men. He was the soul of all that remorseless political persecution of Italy and the provinces of Austria. Oh! the midnight arrests, the dungeons, the scaffolds, the broken hearts, the crazed brains, the ruined lives, the desolation of homes and sacred ties, that cry out against this man. To preserve Austria as it was, the most terrible of modern despotisms—to insist upon the predominance of a family, and to let men and women by millions go to the dogs—to propose nothing that could make one sad heart smile, or one hopeful heart glow—to despise the cries and to tie the hands of whole nations rising to seize their own—this was the sole business of the man for half a century.

And no other man of modern times—no man since the older Italian tyrants, and an occasional Pope, has been so deeply detested. The one man that all Italy hated was Metternich. And in that lyric of superb passion and marvelously subtle dramatic characterization, "The Italian in England," Robert Browning expresses it in a line—

> "However, if I pleased to spend
> Real wishes on myself—say, Three—
> I know at least what one should be;
> I would grasp Metternich until
> I felt his red wet throat distill
> In blood through these two hands."

He died quietly in his bed, full of years and crimes. Twelve years ago we saw him in the street in Vienna. He was seventy-four, and walked with a quick step and erect figure, dressed plainly in black, with the frock-coat buttoned to the chin. Every body knew who it was, and many raised their hats. It was much safer. The next year came the revolution. Metternich despised it. He would not resign. The people came to the palace. "Gentlemen, Prince Metternich resigns," said Archduke John—the country gentleman, brother of the old Emperor Francis. Metternich insisted that he did not. "As I told you, gentlemen, Prince Metternich resigns," continued the Archducal country gentleman. And he did resign. He went to England, and was fêted—but not by the English people. A few years restored him to Austria, and Austria to her old courses.

He has ended now, and those courses are ending. The map of Europe, it is difficult to doubt, will be reconstructed. "Italy is a mere geographical expression," said Metternich. To our children, please Heaven! Metternich's Austria will be a mere historical name.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—VIGO, Elmira. Sap-sago cheese is so called from a corruption of the name of a little village in Germany, Schab-ziegen, where it is made. You will find in any good German dictionary the word *Schabziegerkäse*, a kind of cheese. *Zieger* is a provincial word meaning whey.

—ILLIBERALITAS, Providence, Rhode Island, is reminded by Mr. Blushley's communication, two weeks since, of an incident upon which he solicits an opinion. There was to be a lecture at eight o'clock. He went before seven, and got a good seat. At twenty minutes before eight the hall was crowded to the stairs and entries. Thereupon, at "one and one-sixteenth minutes before eight a female [do you object to the word?] worked her way up the aisle, then down the aisle, and finally up the aisle; remarking, as she passed your servant, that some *gentleman* [she laid an *awful* stress upon the word] should have gallantry enough to give her a seat. I did *not* rise; reasoning, as I did, that I came early, and paid for admission, and that in lecture-rooms and rail-cars the miller's rule was good—'First come, first served.'"

The Lounger has always expressed the same opinion upon this point. He can only say that he should not wish to sit quietly in a hall or car while a woman stood, unless under extraordinary circumstances, as where he is ill, or in immediate attendance upon ladies, and even then it would be disagreeable to remain sitting. Of course a woman who presses in and makes such remarks is not a lady. But we are bound to be gentlemen always, whether women are always ladies or not.

—E. B., Washington city. Your verses are *not* good.

—TEKARRO, New York. The Lounger would advise you to *go* to the White Mountains by Boston, Concord, New Hampshire, and Lake Winnipiseogee, not forgetting to ascend the Red Mountain, and so up the valley of the Saco to the Notch. In returning, he would advise coming down the valley of the Connecticut. The expenses of traveling by the ordinary conveyances, and usual lodging, will be about seven dollars a day. You can do it for much less, of course; but a day's railroading will cost you about five dollars.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, July 2, 1859.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets opened quietly and heavily for the principal kinds of Breadstuffs. Toward the close the demand for Flour, Corn, and Oats improved, and prices of such kinds exhibited renewed firmness. Wheat, Rye, and Barley were partially neglected, and tended downward....Cotton has been in moderate request at higher rates....Provisions have been more freely offered and inquired for, at, however, irregular prices ....Sugars, Molasses, and Teas have been less active. Rice has been in very brisk demand and has advanced. Coffee has attracted more attention....Hay has been less abundant, and has been in good request at improved prices....Fish, Hemp, Hides, Hops, Metals, Naval Stores, Oils, Tallow, Seeds, Tobacco, and Wool have been rather lightly dealt in....Sole Leather has been in fair demand....The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Standard Super State Flour, per barrel	$5 45	@	$5 90
Extra State Flour	5 95	@	6 30
Superfine Western	5 50	@	6 00
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 20	@	8 60
Extra Missouri	6 35	@	9 75
Superfine Southern	6 35	@	7 00
Extra Southern	7 10	@	8 75
Superfine Rye Flour	4 00	@	4 15
Jersey Corn Meal	3 95	@	4 00
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 45	@	1 78
White Southern Wheat	1 55	@	1 80
Red Western Wheat	1 37½	@	1 55
Milwaukee Club	90	@	1 12½
Chicago Spring	85	@	1 05
New Yellow Corn	86	@	88
Rye	88	@	90
Barley	60	@	68
Western Oats	46	@	47½
State Oats	42	@	45
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	40	@	43
Southern Oats	39	@	42
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11½	@	12
New Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@	16 12½
Prime Pork	12 75	@	12 80
Country Mess Beef	8 00	@	9 00
Hams, per pound	7¾	@	8½
Shoulders	6¼	@	6¾
Lard	11	@	11½
Fair to Prime State Butter, new	14	@	18
Ohio Butter, new	11	@	15
Cheese, new	3	@	9
Rice, per 100 pounds	4 00	@	5 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	12
New Orleans Sugar	5¼	@	7¼
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	38	@	44
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	65
Oolong Teas	35	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	26	@	26½
Hops, Crop of 1858, per pound	10	@	16
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	60	@	70
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	10¾
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 80	@	3 85
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	44	@	45
Tar, per barrel	2 00	@	2 50

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Ordinary to 1st qlty Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@	$ 11½
Fair to very good Milch Cows, per head	30 00	@	50 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	6
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 25	@	6 00
" " per pound	3½	@	7½
Live Swine	6¼	@	6¾
Dressed "	7¾	@	8¾
Roasting Pigs, each	75	@	1 75

The Country Produce Markets have been more active, with ample supplies of most kinds at prices which have favored purchasers.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Cherries, per pound	$ 3	@	$ 7
Gooseberries, per bushel	1 75	@	2 25
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	6 50	@	10 00
Currants, per pound	3	@	5
Whortleberries, per quart	9	@	12
Peaches, per bushel	2 50	@	10 00
Apples, per barrel	2 25	@	4 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 00	@	2 50
Potatoes, new, Southern	2 75	@	3 50
Onions	2 75	@	3 00
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	87	@	1 00
Turnips, per basket	1 00	@	1 25
Beets, per bushel	37	@	50
Beets, per dozen bunches	50	@	75
Carrots, per bushel	75	@	—
Carrots, new, per dozen bunches	31	@	43
Cabbage, new, per 100	4 50	@	9 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	6 00
Green Beans, per barrel	3 00	@	4 00
Green Peas, per bushel	—	@	50
Cucumbers, per 100	1 75	@	2 00
Tomatoes, per basket	1 75	@	2 75
Cauliflowers, per 100	7 50	@	25 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	50	@	—
Squashes, per basket	75	@	87
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	5 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	17	@	18
Chickens, per pair	37	@	75
Geese, Spring, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	11	@	15
Ducks, per pair	75	@	1 25
Pigeons, per dozen	1 37	@	1 87
Wild Pigeons	1 25	@	1 75

GIGNOUX'S NIAGARA.—THE PROPERTY OF HON. AUGUST BELMONT.

NIAGARA FALLS.

WE have the pleasure of laying before our readers an engraving of M. Gignoux's Niagara, one of the noblest works of American art. It will be remembered that M. Gignoux executed, some eighteen months ago, a painting of Niagara, which was exhibited together with a painting on the same subject by Mr. Church. Both became the property of a firm of print-sellers. Mr. August Belmont, the well-known banker and millionaire, who expected to purchase M. Gignoux's picture, was so much disappointed at losing it that he gave the artist a commission to execute a new Niagara for him. The result of that order is the admirable work which we now engrave. Rumor asserts that the price paid to the painter was as worthy of the artist as of the wealthy patron of art whose gallery of paintings is becoming so famous.

M. Gignoux has painted Niagara by moonlight, the point of view being from Goat Island, and the main scene the Horseshoe Fall. Words fail to describe the beauty of the original work. It is one of those delicious scenes on which the eye can feast for hours together. One almost fancies, in gazing into the soft summer night-air which envelops the scene, that the ear hears the roar of the cataract as the eye sees the floating moonbeams which dance over the broad rushing stream.

We shall not be expected to attempt any word-picture of a scene to which nothing but the brush or the pencil can do justice. Those who are not satisfied with M. Gignoux's picture, and who want to know more about Niagara, must go and see it for themselves. There have been grand doings there of late.

On Thursday, 30th, M. Blondin is to cross Niagara River below the Fall on a tight rope. We shall probably be able to give a description of the feat in another part of this paper. Such exploits have been a theme of much discussion of late. Ever since Sam Patch's leap the first aim of aspiring acrobats has been to couple their name with that of Niagara; and many a time the public have been summoned at the Falls to witness some desperate feat which has never been performed. The last Niagara hoax was an announcement that a famous acrobat would cross the river above the Fall on stilts. The joke was even carried so far as to assert substantially that the feat had been performed in the presence of thirty people; time, place, circumstance, and incidents —all were elaborately related. The people at the Falls were a good deal taken aback at first when they read the story.

We must hope that M. Blondin's operations will be more real.

WHY MOURN?

BY C. H. WEBB.

THE golden grain
Is ripened but to death;
And Summer's leaves
Must fall with Autumn's breath.

For all things die:
Behold! the marble urn
That shrines our dust
Shall crumble in its turn.

We mourn the Young;
They perish as the flowers,
Whose petals scarce
Have kissed Life's rosy hours.

We mourn the Old,
Who vanish from our sight
As Summer days
That fade in lengthened light.

A selfish grief:
They fall not as the leaves,
But ripened grain,
And angels bind the sheaves.

An aged friend,
Whose years were as a crown,
But yester-night
Unto the grave went down.

As sinks the sun,
Low-curtained in the West,
Its journey done:
So went he to his rest.

No warring strife:
And when had ceased his breath,
It was not Life—
You scarce could call it Death.

A soft-sealed smile
Fell like a sunbeam's play,
As though the soul
At parting kissed its clay.

The lines that Time
Upon the brow had traced,
Death's gentle hand
With kindly touch effaced.

So calm—so still
The peace that vailed the dead:
Were Death not mute,
Those parted lips had said:

O ye that mourn,
A selfish grief ye give:
Restrain your tears
To pour for those that live!

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GORGON'S HEAD.

IT was a heavy mass of building, that chateau of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone court-yard before it, and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone urns, and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions, in all directions. As if the Gorgon's head had surveyed it, when it was finished, two centuries ago.

Up the broad flight of shallow steps, Monsieur the Marquis, flambeau preceded, went from his carriage, sufficiently disturbing the darkness to elicit a loud remonstrance from an owl in the roof of the great pile of stable-building away among the trees. All else was so quiet that the flambeau carried up the steps, and the other flambeau held at the great door, burned as if they were in a close room of state, instead of being in the open night-air. Other sound than the owl's voice there was none, save the falling of a fountain into its stone basin; for it was one of those dark nights that hold their breath by the hour together, and then heave a long, low sigh, and hold their breath again.

The great door clanged behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall, grim with certain old boar spears, swords, and knives of the chase; grimmer with certain heavy riding-rods and riding-whips, of which many a peasant, gone to his benefactor, Death, had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark and made fast for the night, Monsieur the Marquis, with his flambeau-bearer going on before, went up the staircase to a door in a corridor. This thrown open admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms—his bedchamber and two others. High, vaulted rooms, with cool, uncarpeted floors, great dogs upon the hearths for the burning of wood in winter time, and all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a luxurious age and country. The fashion of the last Louis but one, of the line that was never to break—the fourteenth Louis was conspicuous in their rich furniture; but it was diversified by many objects that were illustrations of old pages in the history of France.

A supper-table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms—a round room, in one of the chateau's four extinguisher-topped towers. A small, lofty room, with its window wide open, and the wooden jalousie-blinds closed, so that the dark night only showed in slight horizontal lines of black, alternating with their broad lines of stone color.

"My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation, "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he; but he had been expected with Monseigneur.

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive to-night; nevertheless, leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."

In a quarter of an hour Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup, and was raising his glass of Bordeaux to his lips, when he put it down.

"What is that?" he calmly asked, looking with attention at the horizontal lines of black and stone color.

"Monseigneur? That?"

"Outside the blinds. Open the blinds."

It was done.

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, it is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here."

The servant who spoke had thrown the blinds wide, had looked out into the vacant darkness, and stood, with that blank behind him, looking round for instructions.

"Good," said the imperturbable master. "Close them again."

That was done too, and the Marquis went on with his supper. He was half-way through it when he again stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and came up to the front of the chateau.

"Ask who is arrived."

It was the nephew of Monseigneur. He had been some few leagues behind Monseigneur, early in the afternoon. He had diminished the distance rapidly, but not so rapidly as to come up with Monseigneur on the road. He had heard of Monseigneur, at the posting-houses, as being before him.

He was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper awaited him then and there, and that he was prayed to come to it. In a little while he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

"You left Paris yesterday, Sir?" he said to Monseigneur, as he took his seat at table.

"Yesterday. And you?"

"I come direct."

"From London?"

"Yes."

"You have been a long time coming," said the Marquis, with a smile.

"On the contrary, I come direct."

"Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey; a long time intending the journey."

"I have been detained by"—the nephew stopped a moment in his answer—"various business."

"Without doubt," said the polished uncle.

So long as a servant was present no other word passed between them. When coffee had been served, and they were alone together, the nephew, looking at the uncle and meeting the eyes of the face that was like a fine mask, opened a conversation.

"I have come back, Sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death I hope it would have sustained me."

"Not to death," said the uncle; "it is not necessary to say, to death."

"I doubt, Sir," returned the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, you would have cared to stop me there."

The deepened marks in the nose, and the lengthening of the fine straight lines in the cruel face, looked ominous as to that; the uncle made a graceful gesture of protest, which was so clearly a slight form of good breeding that it was not reassuring.

"Indeed, Sir," pursued the nephew, "for any thing I know you may have expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded me."

"No, no, no," said the uncle, pleasantly.

"But however that may be," resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, "I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means, and would know no scruple as to means."

"My friend, I told you so," said the uncle, with a fine pulsation in the two marks. "Do me the favor to recall that I told you so, long ago."

"I recall it."

"Thank you," said the Marquis—very sweetly indeed.

His tone lingered in the air, almost like the tone of a musical instrument.

"In effect, Sir," pursued the nephew, "I believe it to be at once your bad fortune, and my good fortune, that has kept me out of a prison in France here."

"I do not quite understand," returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. "Dare I ask you to explain?"

"I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the court, and had not been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a letter *de cachet* would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

"It is possible," said the uncle, with great calmness. "For the honor of the family, I could even resolve to incommode you to that extent. Pray excuse me!"

"I perceive that, happily for me, the Reception of the day before yesterday was, as usual, a cold one," observed the nephew.

"I would not say happily, my friend," returned the uncle, with refined politeness; "I would not be sure of that. A good opportunity for consideration, surrounded by the advantages of solitude, might influence your destiny to far greater advantage than you influence it for yourself. But it is useless to discuss the question. I am, as you say, at a disadvantage. These little instruments of correction, these gentle aids to the power and honor of families, these slight favors that might so incommode you, are only to be obtained now by interest and importunity. They are sought by so many, and they are granted (comparatively) to so few! It used not to be so, but France in all such things is changed for the worse. Our not remote ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar. From this room many such dogs have been taken out to be hanged; in the next room (my bedroom), one fellow, to our knowledge, was poniarded on the spot for professing some insolent delicacy respecting his daughter—*his* daughter! We have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the mode; and the assertion of our station, in these days, might (I do not go so far as to say would, but might) cause us real inconvenience. All very bad, very bad!"

The Marquis took a gentle little pinch of snuff, and shook his head; as elegantly despondent as he could becomingly be, of a country still containing himself, that great means of regeneration.

"We have so asserted our station, both in the old time and in the modern time also," said the nephew, gloomily, "that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

"Let us hope so," said the uncle. "Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low."

"There is not," pursued the nephew in his former tone, "a face I can look at, in all this country round about us, which looks at me with any deference on it but the dark deference of fear and slavery."

"A compliment," said the Marquis, "to the grandeur of the family, merited by the manner in which the family has sustained its grandeur. Hah!" And he took another gentle little pinch of snuff, and lightly crossed his legs.

But when his nephew, leaning an elbow on the table, covered his eyes thoughtfully and dejectedly with his hand, the fine mask looked at him sideways with a stronger concentration of keenness, closeness, and dislike, than was comportable with its wearer's assumption of indifference.

"Repression is the only lasting philosophy. The dark deference of fear and slavery, my friend," observed the Marquis, "will keep the dogs obedient to the whip, as long as this roof," looking up to it, "shuts out the sky."

That might not be so long as the Marquis supposed. If a picture of the chateau as it was to be a very few years hence, and of fifty like it as they too were to be a very few years hence, could have been shown to him that night, he might have been at a loss to claim his own from the ghastly, fire-charred, plunder-wrecked ruins. As for the roof he vaunted, he might have found *that* shutting out the sky in a new way—to wit, forever, from the eyes of the bodies into which its lead was fired, out of the barrels of a hundred thousand muskets.

"Meanwhile," said the Marquis, "I will preserve the honor and repose of the family, if you will not. But you must be fatigued. Shall we terminate our conference for the night."

"A moment more."

"An hour, if you please."

"Sir," said the nephew, "we have done wrong, and are reaping the fruits of wrong."

"*We* have done wrong?" repeated the Marquis, with an inquiring smile, and delicately pointing, first to his nephew, then to himself.

"Our family; our honorable family, whose honor is of so much account to both of us, in such different ways. Even in my father's time we did a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure, whatever it was. Why need I speak of my father's time when it is equally yours? Can I separate my father's twin-brother, joint inheritor, and next successor, from himself?"

"Death has done that," said the Marquis.

"And has left me," answered the nephew, "bound to a system that is frightful to me, responsible for it, but powerless in it; seeking to execute the last request of my dear mother's lips, and obey the last look of my dear mother's eyes, which implored me to have mercy and to redress; and tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said the Marquis, touching him on the breast with his forefinger—they were now standing by the hearth—"you will forever seek them in vain, be assured."

Every fine straight line in the clear whiteness of his face was cruelly, craftily, and closely compressed, while he stood looking quietly at his nephew, with his snuff-box in his hand. Once again he touched him on the breast, as though his finger were the fine point of a small sword, with which, in delicate finesse, he ran him through the body, and said,

"My friend, I will die, perpetuating the system under which I have lived."

When he had said it, he took a culminating pinch of snuff, and put his box in his pocket.

"Better to be a rational creature," he added then, after ringing a small bell on the table, "and accept your natural destiny. But you are lost, Monsieur Charles, I see."

"This property and France are lost to me," said the nephew, sadly; "I renounce them."

"Are they both yours to renounce? France may be, but is the property? It is scarcely worth mentioning; but, is it yet?"

"I had no intention, in the words I used, to claim it yet. If it passed to me from you, to-morrow—"

"Which I have the vanity to hope is not probable."

"—or twenty years hence—"

"You do me too much honor," said the Marquis; "still, I prefer that supposition."

"—I would abandon it and live otherwise and elsewhere. It is little to relinquish. What is it but a wilderness of misery and ruin!"

"Hah!" said the Marquis, glancing round the luxurious room.

"To the eye it is fair enough, here; but seen in its integrity, under the sky and by the daylight, it is a crumbling tower of waste, mismanagement, extortion, debt, mortgage, oppression, hunger, nakedness, and suffering."

"Hah!" said the Marquis again, in a well-satisfied manner.

"If it ever becomes mine it shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly (if such a thing is possible) from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people who can not leave it, and who have been long wrung to the last point of endurance, may, in another generation, suffer less; but it is not for me. There is a curse on it, and on all this land."

"And you?" said the uncle. "Forgive my curiosity; do you, under your new philosophy, graciously intend to live?"

"I must do, to live, what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their backs, may have to do some day—work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes. The family honor, Sir, is safe from me in this country. The family name can suffer from me in no other, for I bear it in no other."

The ringing of the bell had caused the adjoining bedchamber to be lighted. It now shone brightly through the door of communication. The Marquis looked that way, and listened for the retreating step of his valet.

"England is very attractive to you, seeing how indifferently you have prospered there," he observed then, turning his calm face to his nephew with a smile.

"I have already said, that for my prospering

"THIS, FROM JACQUES."

there, I am sensible I may be indebted to you, Sir. For the rest, it is my Refuge."

"They say, those boastful English, that it is the Refuge of many. You know a compatriot who has found a Refuge there? A Doctor?"

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the Marquis. "You are fatigued. Good-night!"

As he bent his head in his most courtly manner there was a secrecy in his smiling face, and he conveyed an air of mystery to those words, which struck the eyes and ears of his nephew forcibly. At the same time, the thin straight lines of the setting of the eyes, and the thin straight lips, and the markings in the nose, curved with a sarcasm that looked handsomely diabolic.

"Yes," repeated the Marquis. "A Doctor with a daughter. Yes. So commences the new philosophy! You are fatigued. Good-night!"

It would have been of as much avail to interrogate any stone face outside the chateau as to interrogate that face of his. The nephew looked at him, in vain, in passing on to the door.

"Good-night!" said the uncle. "I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose! Light Monsieur my nephew to his chamber, there!—And burn Monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will!" he added to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom.

The valet come and gone, Monsieur the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose chamber-robe, to prepare himself gently for sleep, that hot, still night. Rustling about the room, his softly-slippered feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger—looked like some enchanted marquis of the impenitently wicked sort, in story, whose periodical change into tiger form was either just going off or just coming on.

He moved from end to end of his voluptuous bedroom, looking again at the scraps of the day's journey that came unbidden into his mind; the slow toil up the hill at sunset, the setting sun, the descent, the mill, the prison on the crag, the little village in the hollow, the peasants at the fountain, and the mender of roads with his blue cap pointing out the chain under the carriage. That fountain suggested the Paris fountain, the little bundle lying on the step, the women bending over it, and the tall man with his arms up, crying, "Dead!"

"I am cool now," said Monsieur the Marquis, "and may go to bed."

So, leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he let his thin gauze curtains fall around him, and heard the night break its silence with a long sigh as he composed himself to sleep.

The stone faces on the outer walls stared blindly at the black night for three heavy hours; for three heavy hours the horses in the stables rattled at their racks, the dogs barked, and the owl made a noise with very little resemblance in it to the noise conventionally assigned to the owl by men-poets. But it is the obstinate custom of such creatures hardly ever to say what is set down for them.

For three heavy hours the stone faces of the chateau, lion and human, stared blindly at the night. Dead-darkness lay on all the landscape, dead darkness added its own hush to the hushing dust on all the roads. The burial-place had got to the pass that its little heaps of poor grass were undistinguishable from one another; the figure on the Cross might have come down, for any thing that could be seen of it. In the village, taxers and taxed were fast asleep. Dreaming, perhaps, of banquets, as the starved usually do, and of ease and rest, as the driven slave and the yoked ox may, its lean inhabitants slept soundly, and were fed and freed.

The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, and the fountain at the chateau dropped unseen and unheard—both melting away like the minutes that were falling from the spring of Time—through three dark hours. Then the gray water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the chateau were opened.

Lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees, and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow the water of the chateau fountain seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned. The carol of the birds was loud and high, and on the weather-beaten sill of the great window of the bedchamber of Monsieur the Marquis one little bird sang its sweetest song with all its might. At this, the nearest stone face seemed to stare amazed, and, with open mouth and dropped under-jaw, looked awe-stricken.

Now the sun was full up, and movement began in the village. Casement windows opened, crazy doors were unbarred, and people came forth shivering—chilled, as yet, by the new sweet air. Then began the rarely-lightened toil of the day among the village population. Some to the fountain; some to the fields; men and women here, to dig and delve; men and women there, to see to the poor live-stock, and lead the bony cows out to such pasture as could be found by the roadside. In the church and at the Cross, a kneeling figure or two; attendant on the latter prayers, the led cow, trying for a breakfast among the weeds at its foot.

The chateau awoke later, as became its quality, but awoke gradually and surely. First, the lonely boar spears and knives of the chase had been reddened as of old; then, had gleamed trenchant in the morning sunshine; now, doors and windows were thrown open, horses in the stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at door-ways, leaves sparkled and rustled at iron-grated windows, dogs pulled hard at their chains, and reared impatient to be loosed.

All these trivial incidents belonged to the routine of life and the return of morning. Surely not so the ringing of the great bell of the chateau, nor the running up and down the stairs, nor the hurried figures on the terrace, nor the booting and tramping here and there and every where, nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away?

What winds conveyed this hurry to the grizzled mender of roads, already at work on the hill-top beyond the village, with his day's dinner (not much to carry) lying in a bundle that it was worth no crow's while to peck at, on a heap of stones? Had the birds, carrying some grains of it to a distance, dropped one over him as they sow chance seeds? Whether or no, the mender of roads ran, on the sultry morning, as if for his life, down the hill, knee-high in dust, and never stopped till he got to the fountain.

All the people of the village were at the fountain, standing about in their depressed manner, and whispering low, but showing no other emotions than grim curiosity and surprise. The led cows, hastily brought in and tethered to any thing that would hold them, were looking stupidly on, or lying down chewing the cud of nothing particularly repaying their trouble, which they had picked up in their interrupted saunter. Some of the people of the chateau, and some of those of the posting-house, and all the taxing authorities, were armed more or less, and were crowded on the other side of the little street in a purposeless way, that was highly fraught with nothing. Already the mender of roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends, and was smiting himself in the breast with his blue cap. What did all this portend, and what portended the swift hoisting-up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of the said Gabelle (double-laden though the horse was) at a gallop, like a new version of the German ballad of Leonora?

It portended that there was one stone face too many up at the chateau.

The Gorgon had surveyed the building again in the night, and had added the one stone face wanting—the stone face for which it had waited through about two hundred years.

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly startled, made angry, and petrified. Driven home into the heart of the stone figure attached to it was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled:

"*Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from* JACQUES."

LITERARY.

TICKNOR & FIELDS have added to the blue and gold series three works which we have but space to name. OWEN MEREDITH'S POEMS are first. We believe no one except Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer doubts that the young man is more of a poet than his father. PERCIVAL'S POEMS (2 vols.) are next, and we rejoice in this complete collection of them. MRS. JAMESON'S STUDIES AND STORIES are last, and a delightful little summer book they make. Our readers in the country who desire to possess, in a small and very beautiful parlor edition, some of the most excellent works of prose and poetry should procure all this blue and gold set.

ANCIENT MINERALOGY, by Dr. N. F. Moore, published by Harper & Brothers, is a small volume, but learned and valuable. It gives us a complete summing up of the knowledge which the ancients appear to have had of metals, and indeed all minerals. The discussions on bronze *versus* iron receive much light from the learned author's investigations. Whoever is interested in the curious history of ancient gems, the knowledge they then had of crystal (which they believed to be permanent ice!), or kindred subjects, will find the book singularly attractive.

Derby & Jackson have commenced a valuable work in publishing an edition of FRENCH CLASSICS, of which we have received MONTAIGNE (4 vols.) and TELEMACHUS (with a life of Fenelon). These works (in English) will be prized by a vast number of readers who have desired to possess them, and will open to many a new field of literature. Montaigne's Essays contain much that might as well never have been written, and much that should be kept even now from the eyes of the inexperienced. But they contain also a vast amount of sound thought, and that conveyed in so attractive a style that even those who can not be induced to read a book of moral reflections will delight in talking chattily with the old Frenchman. We have been accustomed to read Montaigne in an ancient folio edition, dark and dingy, but we shall hereafter turn over the pages of these new and really convenient volumes with pleasure. The publishers announce Voltaire's "Charles XII.," his Tragedies, Madame de Staël's "Germany," Pascal's "Thoughts," and similar works in the same series.

THE DEMI-MONDE is a translation from Dumas, Jun., by Mrs. E. G. Squier, published by Lippincott. The translation is well done, but the satire is as dull as most French satires.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND" has reached its thirty-first number, and its continued and increasing excellence shows that it is meeting with the prosperity it deserves. The best composers of the country, among whom are M. Strakosch, M. Maretzek, William Mason, Charles Fradel, Arthur Napoleon, S. B. Mills, A. W. Berg, Robert Stoepel, B. Beer, George Leach, write for it. The selections from the European masters are made with discrimination and knowledge of the popular taste. A better collection of music, vocal and instrumental, could not be obtained for any sum; and it is gratifying to know that, at the almost nominal price of ten cents a number, it is a remunerative enterprise. "Our Musical Friend" is published weekly by C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau Street.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IS THERE ANY GOLD AT PIKE'S PEAK?

THE following is the concluding portion of a long article on the above subject, written by the gentlemen whose names are subscribed:

"We can not conclude this statement without protesting most earnestly against a renewal of the infatuation which impelled thousands to rush to this region a month or two since, only to turn back before reaching it or to hurry away immediately after, more hastily than they came. Gold mining is a business which eminently requires of its votaries capital, experience, energy, endurance, and in which the highest qualities do not always command success. There may be hundreds of ravines in these mountains as rich in gold as that in which we write, and there probably are many; but up to this hour we do not know that any such have been discovered. There are said to be five thousand people already in this ravine, and hundreds more pouring into it daily. Tens of thousands more have been passed by us on our rapid journey to this place, or heard of as on their way hither by other routes. For these, nearly every pound of provisions and supplies of every kind must be hauled by teams from the Missouri River, some 700 miles distant, over roads which are mere trails, crossing countless unbridged water-courses, always steep-banked, and often miry, and at times so swollen by rains as to be utterly impassable by wagons. Part of this distance is a desert yielding grass, wood, and water, only at intervals of several miles, and then very scantily. To attempt to cross this desert on foot is madness—suicide—murder. To cross it with teams in mid-summer when the water-courses are mainly dry and the grass eaten up, is possible only to those who know just where to look for grass and water, and where water must be carried along to preserve life.

"A few months hence—probably by the middle of October—this whole Alpine region will be snowed under or frozen up, so as to put a stop to the working of sluices, if not to mining altogether. There, then, for a period of at least seven months, will be neither employment, food, nor shelter within five hundred miles for the thousands pressing hither under the delusion that gold may be picked up here like pebbles on the sea-shore, and that when they arrive here, even though without provisions or money, their fortunes are made. Great disappointment, great suffering, are inevitable; few can escape the latter who arrive at Denver City after September without ample means to support them in a very dear country, at least through a long winter. We charge those who manage the telegraph not to diffuse a part of our statement without giving substantially the whole; and we beg the Press generally to unite with us in warning the whole people against another rush to these gold mines, as ill-advised as that of last spring—a rush sure to be followed like that by a stampede, but one far more destructive of property and life. Respectfully,

"HORACE GREELEY,
"A. D. RICHARDSON,
"HENRY VILLARD."

POOR PROSPECTS FOR THE MINERS.

Mr. Greeley writes to his paper, from Pike's Peak: "I presume less than half the four or five thousand people now in this ravine have been here a week; he who has been here three weeks is regarded as quite an old settler. The influx can not fall short of five hundred per day, balanced by an efflux of about one hundred. Many of the latter go away convinced that Rocky Mountain gold-mining is one grand humbug. Some of them have prospected two or three weeks, eating up their provisions, wearing out their boots—and finding nothing. Others have worked for the more fortunate for $1 per day and their board and lodging—certainly not high wages when the quality of the living is considered. And I feel certain that, while some—perhaps many—will realize their dreams of wealth here, a far greater number will expend their scanty means, tax their powers of endurance, and then leave, soured, heart-sick, spirit-broken. Twenty thousand people will have rushed into this ravine before the 1st of September, while I do not see how half of them are to find profitable employment here. Unless, therefore, the area of the diggings shall meantime be greatly enlarged—of which there is no assurance—I can not imagine how half the number are to subsist here, even up to that early setting in of winter, which must cause a general paralysis of mining, and consequently of all other Rocky Mountain industry. With the gold just wrested from the earth still glittering in my eyes—and one company has taken out to-day, at a cost of not more than $25, a lump (condensed by the use of quicksilver) which looks like a steel-yard poise, and is estimated as worth $510—I adhere to my settled conviction that, next to outright and indisputable gambling, the hardest (though sometimes the quickest) way to obtain gold is to mine for it—that a good farmer or mechanic will usually make money faster by sticking to his own business than by deserting it for gold-digging—and that the man who, having failed in some other pursuit, calculates on retrieving his fortunes by gold-mining makes a mistake which he will be likely to rue to the end of his days."

LOSS OF THE "ARGO."

The steamship *Argo*, of the Galway line, which left this port for Galway, *via* St. Johns, on Thursday, the 23d inst., was wrecked at 5 A.M. on Tuesday, having gone ashore in a dense fog eight miles east of Trepassy Bay. All the passengers and crew were saved, but the vessel is reported sunk, and it is feared that she and her cargo will prove a total loss. The following telegram was addressed to the *Herald:*

ST. JOHNS, N. F., *June* 29, 1859.

The *Argo*, at Trepassy Bay, is a total wreck. She sank last night. A great portion of the luggage and cargo is inevitably lost. The passengers are all saved. The affair is looked upon as the result of sad mismanagement, and there is undoubtedly much to censure. There are two hundred passengers, nearly one hundred women, and about thirty infants in arms. The disaster calls for serious investigation. A great many are left destitute. The crew and officers behaved well. Aid from St. Johns was fortunately very prompt. Four lunatic women were put on board in New York, about whom no one knew any thing. Miss Heywood, the vocalist, has lost every thing, including a large amount of valuable baggage. I will write you a full account by the very first steamer, upon which you may rely. J. H. WILTEN, *Passenger*.

NIAGARA CROSSED ON A TIGHT-ROPE.

We read in the Rochester *Union* of June 28:

"We have it on pretty good authority that M. Blondin has already crossed the Niagara on his rope, and has been seen soon after daybreak, on several occasions, taking his morning walk. He has no doubt tried the rope and will be fully prepared to accomplish the feat on Thursday without difficulty.

"The rope is two inches in diameter and about thirteen hundred feet long. It has a vast number of stays extending to either shore, giving the rope an appearance like a net spread over the chasm. These guys do not extend to the centre of the river—there is a clear piece of rope for about two hundred feet in the centre, without stays. The catenarian curve of the rope gives it a depression in the centre of about seventy feet from a true line. To draw the rope any more, to straighten it, would be likely to sever it. It has now all the tension it will safely bear.

"So far as we can learn, every thing is now in readiness for the great feat before the public on Thursday, June 30, and, extraordinaries excepted, it will be performed on the afternoon of that day. Those who leave this city at a quarter before twelve will have ample time to reach the Falls and see M. Blondin cross the river; and they can return the same evening. We understand that an extra train will be run from Buffalo to accommodate the people of that city, but nothing is said of such a thing here."

PREVIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN THAT LINE.

The Albany *Evening Journal* says: "It is really true that a French rope-dancer is to cross the Niagara river, between the Suspension Bridge and the Falls, on a rope! In the wide world, human temerity has never equaled this. Should the river be crossed in safety, the folly will be repeated until a false step precipitates the actor into the fearful whirlpool from which 'no traveler returns.'

"We saw, in 1827, a ship go over Niagara Falls, but her crew only consisted of a bear (who had the sense to jump overboard and swim ashore above the Falls) and some geese. We also saw 'Sam Patch' leap from the Genesee Falls into eternity. And more than forty years ago we saw a man hung twice, in this city. Our taste for horror sight-seeing is less keen than that of the thousands whom Monsieur Blondin will attract to witness his daring, and, probably his death."

THE FEAT ACCOMPLISHED.

A telegram from Niagara says: "Monsieur Blondin has just successfully accomplished the feat of walking across the Niagara River on a tight rope, in the presence of a crowd variously estimated at from five thousand to ten thousand persons. He first crossed from the American side, stopping midway to refresh himself with water raised in a bottle with a rope from the deck of the steamer *Maid of the Mist*. The time occupied in the first crossing was seventeen minutes and a half. The return from the British to the American side was accomplished in twelve minutes."

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

We read in the *Herald:* "Madison and Fifth avenues were in a state of as great excitement as the weather would permit yesterday morning, in consequence of the marriage of Mr. George G. Barnard, Recorder of the city and county of New York, to Miss Fannie Anderson, daughter of Mr. John Anderson, whose name is identified with the Lorillards, Gilseys, and Lillienthals in the tobacco trade of the metropolis. Mr. Anderson has, by his tact, industry, and perseverance, accumulated a princely fortune, and the *corbeille* and *trousseau* of the bride were something magnificent. The ceremony was performed at the Reformed Dutch church, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, at eleven o'clock. The church was entirely filled, and among the audience were a great many exceedingly pretty women (brides in expectancy), and a crowd of politicians, more or less distinguished. Among the latter class were Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster, and one of the groomsmen; Mr. John W. Forney, of Philadelphia; and Mr. Clancy, County Clerk. Subsequently to the ceremony, the bridal party and invited guests were entertained at a magnificent *dejeuner à la fourchette*, at the residence of Mr. Anderson, in Madison Avenue. The whole affair was done up in grand style, and some two thousand invitations were issued. The Recorder, who has in his time sentenced a great many people, received the edict that terminated his bachelor life with the utmost equanimity; the bride was charming, and every one gave the warmest expression to his congratulations. As we have stated above, the Recorder seemed rather to enjoy his captivity, and it is, therefore, quite certain that he deserves it. He will take a recess from his official duties till August; and in the mean time the bench of the sessions will be occupied entirely by Mr. City Judge Russell, whose promptness and efficiency have made him a perfect terror to evil-doers.

WHEN TO GATHER GINSENG.

The following important letter has been addressed to the papers:

"As several papers have published notices of the immense quantities of ginseng now being gathered in Minnesota and other Western States, you will doubtless be the means of saving the poor diggers the loss of their time, and shippers or buyers their money, by publishing the fact that the autumn is the only time for getting the root in its perfect state. The first specimen of the Minnesota root was shown us yesterday, and is spongy, shriveled, lean, and fibrous, utterly worthless for shipment to China, and will hardly sell for home use, for which the demand is quite limited.

"We have been flooded with letters from Western merchants on this subject, and it did not occur to us until quite recently that they were digging now, but that it was what had been dug last fall.

"Yours, respectfully,
"SCHIEFFELIN BROTHERS & CO.

"NEW YORK, *June* 25, 1859."

A YOUNG LADY KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

The New Albany (Indiana) *Ledger* says: "At eight o'clock on Wednesday morning a young lady named Miss Matilda Cooper, living in Clark County, Indiana, about ten miles from that city, to the right of the New Albany and Salem Railroad, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. At the time of the fatal stroke Miss Cooper was in a field about 100 yards from her mother's house. The lightning struck her forehead, and followed the left side into the ground. Her bonnet and clothing were torn into shreds, and a handkerchief around her neck was set on fire. Death followed instantaneously."

BLUE-FISH AND SWORD-FISH.

A correspondent of the Worcester *Spy* writes: "The 'blue-fish' season has just commenced, and Edgartown and Nantucket are the head-quarters of this fishery. It is a very exciting amusement. The blue-fish, as you are aware, is a very beautiful fish, weighing usually from four to fifteen pounds each. It is caught by trailing, with the boat under full sail. It is very voracious, and is caught with the naked hook, having for bait only a piece of mother-of-pearl attached to the upper end of the hook. It is attracted by the brightness of this as it passes through the water, and seizes it without waiting for any critical examination as to its nature or character, and, before he is fairly aware of it, finds himself a prisoner beyond the hope of redemption.

"There is something very remarkable and peculiar connected with the history of this fish. Their almost exclusive feeding-ground, in the summer season, appears to be the waters about this island and Nantucket. Formerly, some hundred years ago, they were very abundant, but about the close of the last century they entirely disappeared, and were unknown for many years afterward. Those who visited these islands thirty or forty years since well recollect the accounts given by the inhabitants of a famous fish, called the 'blue-fish,' which formerly abounded here, but which had become extinct. Some twenty years or so since they reappeared, at first of a smallish size and few in number, but in the course of a year or two they became abundant and of good size as formerly, and have continued so to the present time. They are a strong, fierce, and voracious fish, and while their season lasts—from the middle of June to the latter part of September—they destroy and drive away most of the smaller fish, and thus enjoy an almost entire monopoly of the waters. The sword-fish season is at hand, and will be at its height in about a month. Many of them are taken in this vicinity, and they meet a ready sale in the market, being preferred for the table to almost any other kind of fish. They frequently weigh several hundred pounds each, and their capture is often quite profitable to the fishermen."

THE WAY BURGLARS OPERATE.

William Hughes, a confederate of Gordon and Kelly, noted burglars, was brought before Justice Brennan, on Wednesday, for examination on a charge of breaking into the house of William Rhinelander, on the night of the 22d inst., and stealing therefrom $500, which he found in a secretary. A girl named Julia Kemp, who was in custody as a witness against Hughes, was brought into court and examined privately. She stated that she had been a servant in the family of Mr. Rhinelander, and had known Hughes as a thief for two years. He several times visited her at Mr. Rhinelander's house, and questioned her as to where Mr. Rhinelander kept his money. She told him in the upper drawer of the secretary, but requested him, if he broke into the house, to break open all the drawers, lest it might be thought that she had confederated with him. He subsequently broke into the house, got the money, and for a time escaped. This statement was taken in writing and read in open court, and the girl was requested to swear to it, but a significant glance from Hughes induced her to decline doing so, and

she was remanded to prison as a confederate in the transaction. Hughes was also recommitted for trial on the charge. The statement of this girl undoubtedly explains the manner in which burglars usually operate, and it is believed by the police that most of them are in league with servant girls.

THE MARKET VALUE OF KISSES.

An Indiana lawyer writes to the Savannah *Gazette:* "In your issue of June 16 I noticed a communication giving a portion of the history of a judicial proceeding as far back as 1843, fixing the value of a kiss in Eastern Indiana at forty dollars. In this part of Hoosierland the worth of this commodity has never been ascertained, either by custom, juridically, or otherwise. Some twelve months since I defended a gentleman charged with having committed an assault and battery on the body of one Mrs. ——, of this place. The testimony, as given by the prosecuting witness, was that the defendant placed his hand gently on her shoulder and attempted to 'kiss' her, but failed in his undertaking. The fine and costs amounted to fifty dollars. Had the defendant been successful in his enterprise, I think that a kiss would have proven of more value than forty dollars in 'Old Ripley,' and we would not at this time be without a precedent in Southern Indiana."

A BEAR FIGHT.

The Piscataquis *Observer* says: "A subscriber, writing to us from North Twin Dam, June 3, thus tells of a bear fight that took place on the farm of Colonel Thomas Fowler, on the 30th ult. One of the boys was sent to drive the cows home, which were about one hundred rods from the house at the edge of the woods where he saw an old bear and her two cubs; he hallooed to his elder brother, some 14 years of age, to come to him with a pistol; he brought one of Ramsdell's ten-inch pistols, as the other had a gun loaded with shot only. John, for that was his name, fired the pistol at the bear's head, and she then went up a tree where her cubs were. The old bear turned to come down and give battle; the boys then fired again, and the bear came down and took for the boys. John took the gun from the other boy and mauled her over the head until he bent it badly, and the dog made such inroads upon her right flank at the same time, that she was forced to give battle to him—the dog—which enabled the boys to put an end to the bear. They then killed two cubs, and went home with one live one to their mother (being the only person in the house) with as much honor of victory as General Scott or Taylor in the Mexican War."

PERSONAL.

Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, visited West Point on Saturday, and was politely received by the Professors of the Military School. After examining the institution he became the guest of Lieutenant General Scott. He was also entertained by Mr. Kemble, the gentleman who ran unsuccessfully for Congress in Mr. Haskin's district, and Mr. James, of Coldspring, opposite West Point. He tarried at the residence of the latter gentleman over Sunday, and returned to this city on Monday morning, to become the guest of the ten Governors of the Alms-house. Governor Banks closed his brief vacation and returned to his official duties in Massachusetts on Thursday.

The Honorable Stephen A. Douglas has arrived in town, and taken apartments at the Everett House.

Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana, is on his way to this city, to sail for Liverpool in the *Persia*. He will remain abroad until the meeting of Congress.

The Church of the Saviour, West Philadelphia, have extended a call to the Rev. Henry A. Wise, son of Governor Wise, of Virginia, to become their pastor, and he will probably accept. Although but recently admitted, Mr. Wise enjoys a high reputation for ripe scholarship and fervent and impassioned eloquence.

C. B. Ivy killed his sister-in-law nearly twenty-five years ago, in Roane County, East Tennessee, was tried, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Soon after being incarcerated he made his escape, and went to Arkansas, and established himself high up on the waters of the Arkansas River, where he became a leading citizen, living undisturbed and enjoying the confidence of the community to such an extent as to secure his election to offices of high trust. He also became a member of the Methodist Church, and, to all appearances, led a consistent Christian life. About two weeks ago some persons who were acquainted with the crime of his former life discovered him and procured his arrest, and he was brought up on the steamer *Kate Frisbee*, to Memphis, last Wednesday, and he will be conveyed to the scene of his crime to suffer the penalty adjudged as punishment for the same.

The Rev. Mr. ——, an eccentric preacher in Michigan, was holding forth not long since in Detroit. A young man arose to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go!" The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and saying, respectfully, "Well, I believe I would," went on.

The counsel of Plumer, the Boston convict, are about to apply for a writ of error to stay proceedings, because of informality in making up the record. It is questionable whether a writ of error lies from the Circuit to the Supreme Court in a capital case. The Rev. A. B. Fuller, of Boston, preached a sermon against capital punishment last Sunday, in the course of which he made a strong appeal in behalf of Plumer. Petitions for his reprieve are in circulation in Massachusetts, and are receiving many signatures. It is rumored in Washington that Plumer is not his real name, and that he is a near relative of a distinguished United States Senator.

Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the veteran vine-grower in Cincinnati, recently declined an invitation to participate in a railroad opening celebration, in the following curt terms:

"DEAR SIR,—Young Jerseymen are fond of traveling on railroads where no charge is made. I therefore regret that I can not accept the invitation to visit Chicago. The absence of my son and son-in-law deprives me of the pleasure of visiting that flourishing city.

"Yours respectfully, N. LONGWORTH."

A long postscript follows, in which Mr. L. abuses the editor of the Chicago *Press and Tribune*, who had spoken disrespectfully of his wine-cellar.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

PASSAGE OF THE ADDA BY THE FRENCH.

THE London *Morning Post* publishes the following dispatch, dated Paris, June 14:

"On the 12th the Emperor removed his head-quarters to Gorgonzola. In the afternoon his Majesty personally superintended the throwing of two bridges of boats over the Adda. The operation, which presented serious difficulties, was perfectly effected. As soon as the bridges were completed the army began its movement, which was to be concluded yesterday. After some heavy rains the weather has again become fine, and the troops are in high spirits."

EVACUATION OF CENTRAL ITALY BY THE AUSTRIANS.

The *Patrie* says that the Austrians have completely evacuated the States of the Church, including even Ferrara. The same paper also states that the people of Parma have asked that French troops may be sent into their country. M. Brenier leaves on 14th for Naples, as Embassador of France at the Court of the King of the Two Sicilies.

Piacenza, Ancona, and Bologna have been evacuated.

The Austrians destroyed the fortifications of Piacenza before they left it.

The *Austrian Correspondence* of the 13th contains the following:

Piacenza has been evacuated by our troops; the walls and citadel have been blown up. The garrison was successful in joining the chief body of the army.

The war-steamer *Curtatone* arrived on the 12th instant in Zara, from Ancona, bringing the news that the Austrians had evacuated that town.

POSITION OF THE HOSTILE ARMIES.

By our latest accounts we hear that the allied army passed the Serio on the 13th, marching toward the River Oglio. Their advanced guard was at Coccaglio.

The head-quarters of the King of Sardinia were at Paluzzuolo.

Garibaldi was at Brescia on the 12th. Urban's corps quitted Coccaglio on the 13th, and appeared to be retiring to Arzinovi.

The *Nord* says a second series of operations by the Allies will be simultaneously commenced by sea and land. The allied troops are all to be put in movement to invest the Austrian fortresses. Prince Napoleon with his force will proceed without delay toward Lessespo to support the right wing of the French army.

The last accounts from Napoleon's head-quarters say he was concentrating his forces in order to attack the Austrians with an overwhelming force, and it was believed in Paris that a decisive battle would be fought in the course of a week.

GARIBALDI'S MOVEMENTS.

The division of General d'Urban alone sustained a fight at Castinodolo with Garibaldi's bands, which, although amounting to 4000 men, with four pieces of cannon, was repulsed by the Austrians.

Garibaldi's corps is represented as becoming daily more formidable. It was threatening the Southern Tyrol, where the people were getting extremely impatient of Austrian rule.

Garibaldi, when at Milan, had interviews with the Emperor and King of Sardinia.

THE EMPEROR'S INTENTIONS.

The following proclamations have been issued by the Emperor of the French:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF ITALY.

"The fortune of war bringing me into the capital of Lombardy, I come to tell you why I am here.

"When Austria made its unjust attack on Piedmont, I resolved to support my ally, the Sardinian King; the honor and interest of France made it a point of duty.

"Your foes (who are mine) have tried to lessen the universal sympathy all Europe felt in your cause by giving out that I only made war for personal ambition or to aggrandize the French territory. If there are men who can not understand the epoch they live in, I am not of that number.

"In a sound state of public opinion, at this time of day, men become greater by the moral influence they exert than by barren conquests. I seek with pride that moral influence by contributing to render free the most beautiful land in Europe.

"Your welcome has proved that you fully understand me. I come not here with a prearranged plan to dispossess sovereigns, or to impose on you my will. My army will have two works to perform—fight your enemies and keep internal order. No obstacle shall be raised to the free manifestations of your legitimate wishes. Providence often favors nations as it does individuals, by offering them the opportunity of sudden greatness; but it is on condition of their knowing how to avail themselves of it wisely. Earn, then, the boon now offered you. Your desire for independence so long put forth, so often baffled, shall be realized if you show yourselves worthy of it. Unite, then, one and all, in one great object—the deliverance of your native land. Adopt military organization; rally round the standard of King Victor Emanuel, who has indicated to you so nobly the path of honor. Remember that without discipline there is no army; and, burning with the sacred fire of patriotism, be soldiers to-day, to become to-morrow free citizens of a great country.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, MILAN, *June* 8, 1859." "NAPOLEON.

THE EMPEROR TO HIS ARMY.

"PROCLAMATION TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.

"SOLDIERS!—One month ago, relying confidently on the efforts of diplomacy, I still hoped for peace, when the sudden invasion of Piedmont by the Austrian troops called us under arms. We were not ready; men, horses, *materiel*, stores were failing; and we were compelled to assist our Allies to debouch by small fractions beyond the Alps in presence of a formidable enemy long since prepared for the struggle.

"The danger was great; the energy of the nation and your own courage have supplied all deficiencies. France has found her olden virtues and united for a single object, and in one sentiment she has shown the might of her resources and the strength of her patriotism. The operations commenced ten days ago, and the Piedmontese territory is already freed from its invaders.

"The allied army has been successful in four engagements and one decisive battle, which have opened the gates of the capital of Lombardy. You have put upward of 35,000 Austrians *hors de combat*, taken 17 guns, 2 colors, 8000 prisoners. But all is not over. There are more battles in store for us, more obstacles to overcome.

"I rely upon you. Courage, then, gallant soldiers of the army of Italy! *From the heights of heaven your fathers proudly contemplate their children.*

"HEAD-QUARTERS, MILAN, *June* 8, 1859." "NAPOLEON.

GARIBALDI'S PROCLAMATION.

By way of contrast to the above, here is the proclamation issued by Garibaldi to the inhabitants of Como:

"CITIZENS—All young men who can carry a musket are called on to join the tricolor banner. No one would wish to be present inactive and unarmed in the holy war; no one will be obliged to one day confess with a blush that he took no part in it. This is the hour and the moment to show that you do not utter falsehood when you speak of your hatred for Austria. To arms, then! No sacrifice can be too great, since we are of that generation which will have accomplished the work of Italian independence. GARIBALDI."

THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

Mr. Russell, the famous war correspondent of the *Times*, has written a description of the Battle of Magenta, from which we make a few extracts:

* * * * "The whole line advanced, pressing back the enemy's troops step by step. It was all along a hand to hand fight with rifle and bayonet. Except on the road, there was no opportunity for the use of artillery. The French had some rocket batteries, however, with which they played successfully on the enemy. It was in such a fight that the superiority of the rifle showed itself over the usual musket, with which the Austrians were armed. Besides this, the defenders of the position kept as much as possible in close line, so that every shot of their adversaries told upon them. You never saw such a frightful scene of carnage as on all this ground, which the Austrians defended inch by inch, but had to leave at last. It is like the remains of a great rag fair; shakoes, knapsacks, muskets, shoes, cloaks, tunics, linen all stained with blood, and speaking of the obstinate resistance even now, when the greater part of the wounded have been removed and the dead mostly buried. Of how many dramas of heroism and ferocity, and of how many tragedies of woes and misery must this have been the scene!

THE ASSAULT ON THE VILLAGE.

* * * * * "It was done, and the column entered the village. Here every house had become a castle, held by a desperate garrison; it required a regular combat to take it, and letter after letter could be written on the incidents in which these isolated combats abounded. There is no doubt the Austrians fought desperately, even when every thing seemed lost; an incredible number of their officers being killed, the soldiers were left entirely to themselves in these isolated positions, from which there was no retreat. They had been told before that they had to expect no mercy, as it was the habit of the Allies to kill all prisoners and wounded, so they fought with this imaginary halter round their necks. The wounded crept into the cellars, and hid themselves where they could, in order not to fall into the hands of the cruel enemy, there to starve and to die. Numbers have been found thus concealed, and either dead or so exhausted that they are scarcely expected to recover. Even now, three days after the battle, numbers are found and brought into the hospital, or to be buried. I saw myself, this morning, taken out of the cellars of the railway station, two poor wretches—a Tyrolese jager and a soldier of the line—the first slightly wounded, and the second almost dying with fear and exhaustion. They heard below the discharge of the muskets found loaded on the field of battle, and thought it probably a series of wholesale executions. And yet how different was the case! Not even toward their own soldiers are the French more humane than toward those who fell into their hands by the chances of war. They nurse them like children, handle them gently like mothers, and do every thing in their power to relieve their sufferings.

APPEARANCE OF THE WOUNDED.

* * * * * "The Milanese, immediately after the Austrian evacuation, sent up a train to fetch the wounded. As they were found they were brought in succession to the station by the soldiers, a detachment of two companies of the First Fusileers of the Guard. At the station the surgeons were in attendance to apply the first dressing, and the trains from Milan went to and fro to carry them off. The trains consisted of nothing but third-class carriages and goods wagons, partly covered, partly open. Those who were only slightly wounded and could walk were put into the carriages, while the others were laid in the goods wagons, which had been made as soft as the circumstances admitted, by putting straw and hay at the bottom. To these the unfortunate wretches were carried, in agonies of pain caused by the movement. A large barrel of cooling drink, made of water and syrup, was near, as well as another filled with wine, with which to assuage the fiery thirst caused by their wounds. Boughs were cut to make an awning over the open goods trucks, so as to protect their miserable inmates from the rays of a real Italian sun.

SCENES OF AGONY.

"This station and the railway train itself were certainly the most shocking scenes of misery which one can possibly conceive. It was the darker side of a brilliant victory—looking behind the scenes by daylight; wounded in all stages of agony and pain, only half clad, torn, dusty, and muddy, in their own blood. The priests walking about with the viaticum to administer the last sacrament to the dying; the glazed eye of death in some, showing that they had ceased to suffer, the working eyes of others and the kneeling priest before them, showing that they were on the point of sighing their last; near them were others, whom you would have thought dead had it not been for the perceptible movement of the eye or a convulsive twist of the limb. You became involuntarily silent when you entered and took off your cap at the sight of so much misery. Even the lively French soldiers, who ministered to the wants of these defaced specimens of humanity, became grave, and this dead silence was only broken from time to time by the solemn words of the priest, a faint sob, a frantic shriek of pain, or a weak sigh. You forgot almost that there was a victory to redeem this dark scene, and these men, who would otherwise have peacefully followed their domestic occupations, were summoned to expose themselves to all this for a cause which is not their own, which they know nothing about, nor care for. It was, indeed, a hard lot.

"But it was, above all, when the wounded had to be moved to the carriages that the neighborhood became almost intolerable. Such shrieks, such pale faces, contracted by pain, such torn limbs! The soldiers ordered to transport them seemed to forget every thing in their anxiety to alleviate the pain of the sufferers. The philanthropist would have been touched by so much care, and the cynic might have sneered at the idea that the very men who had made the wounds should now try to cure the mischief, ready to begin again. Before starting a new distribution of drink took place, for which there was a craving. At last the train was off, and the noise of the train drowned all others, while a few turns of the wheels took us out of sight of the station. On our arrival at Milan a number of volunteer nurses were already waiting, with glasses of lemonade to assuage the burning thirst after a passage of more than an hour."

A BRAVE PRIEST.

Among the Chaplains who have just been appointed to the army in Italy, is the Rev. Father Parabere, who distinguished himself in the Crimea. In one action in which he was by the side of General Canrobert, his horse was killed under him. "That, reverend Sir," said the General, "is an accident without remedy—I can not get you another horse—so, *au revoir*." But Father Parabere thought it is duty to be present in the combat, and seeing a cannon approach, he jumped astride it and was conveyed in that manner into the midst of the action, where he exercised his sacred ministry by assisting the wounded and administering religious consolation to the dying.

WAR ITEMS.

A telegram from Vienna, 16th, says that General Count Schlick had taken command of the Second army, instead of General Gyulai, and that the French had established a dépôt at Antwari, on the Albanian coast, and disembarked large quantities of gold coin there.

The French fleet in the Adriatic have received powerful reinforcements, and it was expected a landing would shortly be attempted between Venice and Trieste. The first detachment of siege flotilla had left Toulon for the Adriatic. It is asserted that the French were about to occupy Ancona.

The *Times* Paris correspondent speaks of the dissatisfaction of some Italians at the territorial accessions of the King of Sardinia. They protest against his taking possession of Lombardy, and require a confederation, not a fusion.

The Emperor is said to have demanded a hundred thousand men for Italy, to besiege the Austrian fortresses.

The French Army of Observation on the Rhine frontiers numbers seventy-one thousand.

The official Austrian correspondence says that the organization for the defense of the Tyrolese territory was progressing. Several companies had been already drawn out, and others were getting in readiness. The mountain passes were all occupied.

Vienna letters say that the *corps d'armée* commanded by the Archduke Charles was beginning to leave for Italy. The third corps, under the Archduke Albert, was moving from Upper and Lower Austria to Trieste.

The *Moniteur* would soon publish a decree conferring promotion, honors, and crosses on nearly a thousand persons for military services in Italy.

It is stated that the King of Sardinia has ordered the arrest of the Colonel of one of the Sardinian regiments for having, contrary to discipline and obvious policy, addressed a proclamation to the Roman Legation.

A Turin journal publishes a proclamation by Klapka, drawn up for distribution among the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian army. A Polish Legion is said to be forming in Italy, a Hungarian at Genoa.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

The new Ministry is constituted as follows, but has not been officially announced: First Lord of the Treasury, Viscount Palmerston; Chancellor of the Exchequer, W. E. Gladstone; Foreign Secretary, Lord John Russell; Home Secretary, Sir G. C. Lewis; Colonial Secretary, Duke of Newcastle; War Secretary, Sidney Herbert; India Secretary, Sir C. Wood; First Lord of the Admiralty, Duke of Somerset; Lord Chancellor, Lord Campbell; President of the Council, Earl Granville; Privy Seal, Duke of Argyle; Postmaster-General, Lord Elgin; President of Board of Trade, Mr. Cobden; President of Poor-Law Board, Milner Gibson; First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Cardwell; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Sir G. Grey. Sir A. Cockburn succeeds Lord Campbell as Lord Chief Justice of England. Sir Benjamin Hall is to be created a Peer.—Parliament reassembled on the 17th ult. Lord Derby, in the House of Lords, officially announced the resignation of his Cabinet; and, in doing so, he warmly defended the foreign policy of Lord Malmesbury. Earl Granville reserved an explanation of the policy of the new Government for a future day. The House adjourned till the 21st. In the Commons Mr. Disraeli announced the resignation of the Cabinet, and moved a further adjournment till the 21st. Agreed to.

FRANCE.

NAPOLEON'S MESSAGE TO THE EMPRESS.

The *Herald* Paris correspondent writes: "On Monday evening a very interesting ceremony occurred at St. Cloud, which gave occasion for the Empress Regent to add another wreath to her brow in the lists of graceful exercises. The orderly officer of the Emperor, almost realizing the winged messengers of heathen fable—for he accomplished his voyage from the Imperial head-quarters in the short space of forty hours—arrived at the palace with an Austrian standard, charged by the Emperor to lay it at the feet of the Empress. It was Napoleon's *primitiæ*—a general's maiden sword, offered in the midst of the hosannas of victory to the shrine of his well-beloved. Great was the flutter and stir the arrival of such a messenger created in those princely halls. 'Oh! let us do him all the honor that becomes such a bearer!' the Empress exclaimed; and as soon as the *chef d'état*, Major Schnitz, had slaked his thirst and renovated his inner and outer man, a mareschal of the palace, gleaming in crimson and gold, waited upon him to conduct him to the State reception-room. There his eyes met a sight that might well have dazzled the vision of one less used to Courts. The Imperial household was in a blaze of State livery; a corps of the Cent Gardes lined the ante-chambers, all arrayed *en grand tenue*. The Mareschaux of the Palace, whose dress is magnificent on State occasions, skirted the throne with their rich crimson vestments, flinging a radiance over the Court dresses of the *entourage*. On the throne sat her Majesty, the Empress Regent, and on a superb footstool the little Prince Imperial. Behind, and on either side, a bevy of maids of honor completed the tableaux. One was almost tempted to call to mind the Latin poet's description of royalty on another occasion:

"'The Queen at length appears; on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flow'r'd cymar with golden rings she wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore;
He flowing hair a golden caul restrains;
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,' etc.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Schnitz—for to that rank he was raised instanter—acquitted himself with all the dignity that might be expected from a *preux chevalier* of commanding person and address. Having bent his knee before and saluted the hand of the Empress, he said it was his happiness to state that he left his Majesty in excellent health, and that he esteemed it a high honor and most distinguished privilege to be deputed to present to the Empress Regent in the name of the whole army—happy in the idea of seeing the trophy in her Majesty's hands—a color taken from the enemy—and the acceptance of which was besought as a new pledge of that army's affection for herself and its devotedness to the Imperial dynasty.

"The Empress, overcome by her tears, had some difficulty in uttering the warm expressions which rose from her heart. In fact, every body seemed moved; and the manly tones of the gallant messenger's voice had not subsided before the humid eyelids of many confessed the emotions he had caused. The Empress examined the beautiful standard—which was an exceedingly fine one, although pierced in numerous places by musket-balls and grape—and then placed it in the hands of the little Prince Imperial, who seemed exceedingly inquisitive about the whole affair."

AUSTRIA.

PROGRESS OF BANKRUPTCY.

An imperial decree proclaims that the public will receive for the interest on the national loan now due, either bank-notes of 125 florins for every 100 florins, or second Government bonds redeemable with compound interest in five years.

Commercial letters from Vienna describe the financial condition of Austria as one of complete bankruptcy.

ITALY.

A PLAY ON THE WAR.

A Turin correspondent of the London *Times* writes:

"I saw last night at the Theatre Scribe the most preposterously absurd piece that ever was produced. It is called 'La Guerre ou le Paix.' In it the King figures as a Captain Victor, neighbor to a young lady, Mademoiselle Lombardie, who is the ward of a Madame Rapace (Austria), who, of course, appears in the black and yellow *de rigueur*. France is also represented by a very smart young man, and England by an old fellow, who always makes notes in his tablets, under the name of Lord Pense-à-lui, and who does nothing but say, 'Oh! yes,' in different tones. The piece itself is nonsense of the first class; but the most curious thing is to see the actor who acts the part of the Captain, got up as closely as possible to represent the King. The same mustache and beard, the same carriage of the head, the hair cut exactly similar; in fact his Piedmontese Majesty appears every night at two theatres, one French and the other Piedmontese, not Italian; for the language of the piece, though not French, is not Italian either, but a horrible harsh dialect, which is unintelligible to any stranger. His Holiness the Pope is also put on the stage as an abbé, confessor, and spiritual director of Madame Rapace. The defunct King of Naples is the lady's other friend and adviser.

"I think the taste of the piece is but questionable, but the lower classes seem to like it immensely. The boxes, however, make but a very poor show, being nearly all empty, except a few which are occupied by people from the different hotels, which are full of travelers from Rome."

FUNERAL OF A ROMAN.

The funeral of the Prince Rospigliosi, as it seems to belong to another century and a by-gone order of things, will, doubtless, be the last of its kind, and therefore merits its description. By an exclusive privilege claimed by Roman princes, he was taken to his last resting-place in his state carriage, gayly decked and newly painted for the occasion. The funeral was celebrated at the church of San Francesco at Ripa, where the family vault of the Rospigliosi is situated. The last observance of the ceremony was the most curious of all. The head cook, in his costume of *cinque cento*, advanced respectfully to the foot of the bier, and, bowing to the ground, asked the usual morning question, "Your Excellency has orders for me?" The inquiry was made with an expressive smile and distinctness of utterance which almost shook the nerves of the by-standers. The dead man, however, not betraying by word or gesture any comprehension of the question, the great functionary of the Rospigliosi household, after waiting patiently for a few moments, withdrew, walking backward to the door of the church, and, standing in the porch, called out with a stentorian voice to the drivers of the Rospigliosi carriages gathered in vast numbers in the Piazzi, "Drive home. His Excellency has no further orders to give you, and will require your services no more."—*Court Journal.*

RUSSIA.

THE CZAR AND THE ROTHSCHILDS.

To the statement of the *Invalide Russe*—a non-official St. Petersburg journal, principally devoted to military matters—that a "financial convention" has been concluded between the Russian government and the Messrs. Rothschild, too much importance must not be attached pending the receipt of the details. The impression is that Messrs. Rothschild have undertaken to meet certain payments of the Russian government in Western Europe. One of the objects of the government may be to prevent the efflux of gold from assuming inconvenient proportions.

MEXICO.

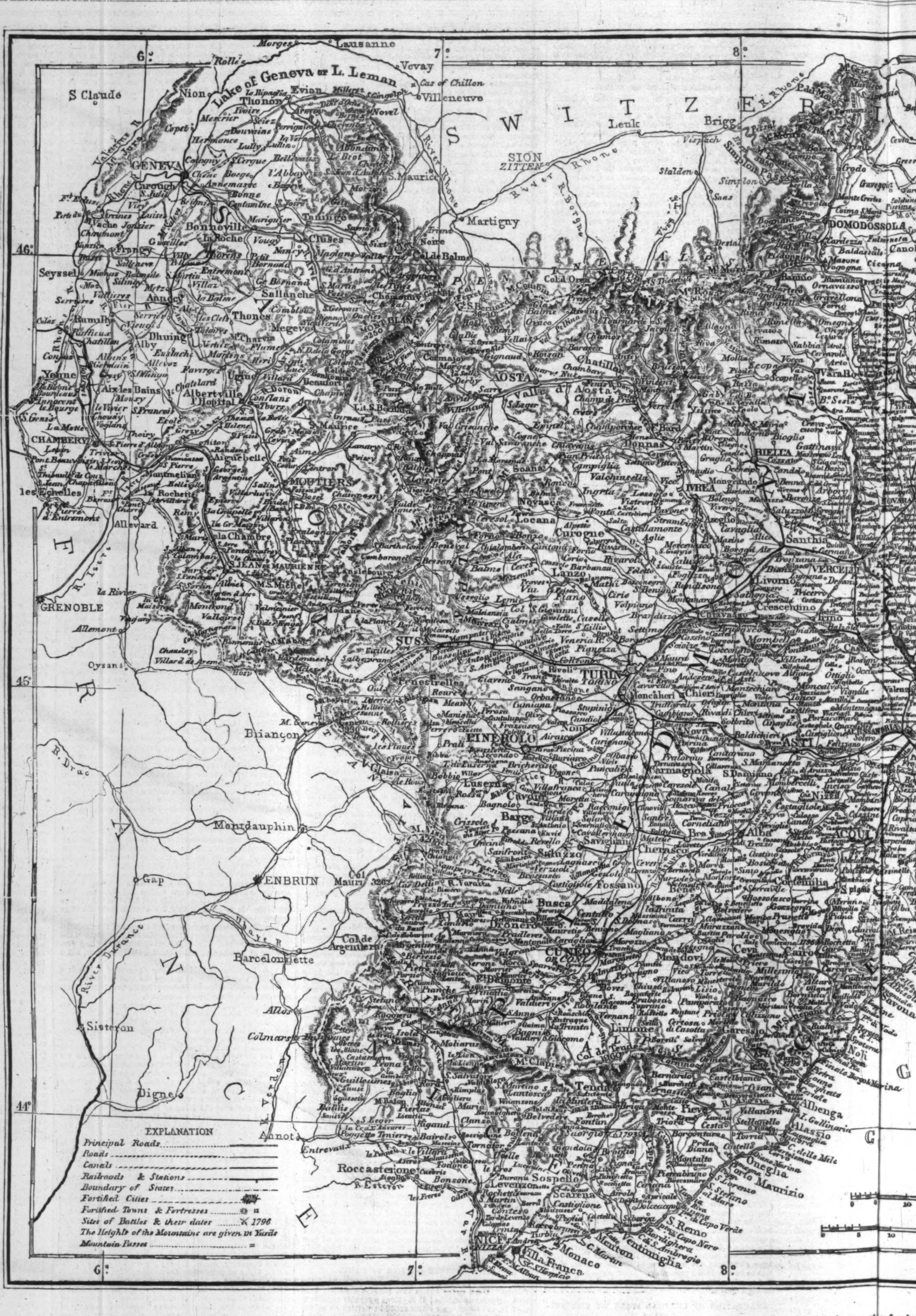
THE LAST ROBBERY IN MEXICO.

Full particulars of the seizure of the great specie *conducta*, with five million dollars, on its way from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, have been received. The *conducta* arrived at Jalapa on the 10th instant, and was detained there a week by General Robles, who then suffered it to proceed. When near the National Bridge it was ordered by Robles, who was acting under the authority of Miramon, to return. The *conducta* remains at Rinconada, subject to the order of Robles, who wished to place it on board a British vessel, whose commander refused to receive it, although ordered by the English and French Ministers to do so. Miramon had collected half a million dollars as duties on the *conducta*.

OUR MAP OF NORTHERN ITALY.

We publish this week, at very great expense, the best Map of Northern Italy which we have seen. It is the work of John Dower, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England, and contains every town, village, fort, river, stream, ridge of mountains, railway, and high road within the limits of Lombardy and the greater part of the Province of Venetia. With the aid of this Map the reader will be able to trace the course of the hostile armies from the passage of the Ticino by the Austrians to the present moment, and to follow the combatants until the plains of Northern Italy have ceased to be the theatre of the war.

The student will thus detect without difficulty the points at which the three divisions of Gyulai's army invaded the Kingdom of Sardinia—Arona, on Lake Maggiore, in the north, and, further south, the bridge of Buffalora, and the ford of Abbiate Grasso. Following the invaders in their brief but destructive operations in Piedmont, he will find in large characters the places they successively occupied—Novara, Vercelli, Casale, Robbio, Vigevano, Gravellona, etc. Every one of these places has been the scene of some conflict or act of brigandage which has been related in the papers. Turning then to the west, the student will discover Mount Cenis, over which the Zouaves and other French troops crossed to defend Turin; and on the south Genoa, where Napoleon landed the bulk of his army. North of Genoa, and connected with it by railway, stands the fortress of Alessandria, of which we lately published an admirable view; it was here that Napoleon matured his daring plan for the passage of the Ticino. We are now in the midst of battle-fields. Only three or four miles distant is the memorable plain of Marengo, the sight of which roused the soldiers of the present empire to emulate the deeds of the men of the first. A few miles south of Casale is Frassinetto, the scene of the first skirmish in this war. North of this, and five miles southeast of Vercelli, stands Palestro, where King Victor Emanuel attacked the Austrians with such chivalrous daring that even the Zouaves besought him to be more careful. Further south, on the Po, about four miles east of Vaghera, is Montebello, the scene of the first great battle of the war, which we have illustrated in recent numbers. Moving north again, the student will be able to appreciate the extraordinary boldness of Napoleon's flank march. On 31st May, General Gyulai's head-quarters were at Garlasco, in Piedmont; and while strong corps defended the road of the Duchies toward Pavia and Piacenza—on which side the Austrians were persuaded that the attack would be made—other powerful armies held Mortara, Robbio, and the neighboring villages. In the face of these troops, amounting to nearly 260,000 men, Napoleon sent Canrobert and Niel forward to the north; they occupied Vercelli and Novara, and thus compelled Gyulai to remove his head-quarters to Abbiate Grasso. The Emperor himself followed with the bulk of the army, and, without losing an hour, crossed the Ticino at Turbigo and Buffalora. The battle of Magenta followed, and, after his defeat, the Austrian commander removed his head-quarters to Binasco, and subsequently to Belgiojoso. After the entry of the French into Milan, the battle of Malegnano, in which Baraguay D'Hilliers redeemed his character, followed in order; and again the Austrians fell back on the line of the Adda. At our latest accounts, which are to 14th June, the Austrians had evacuated Pavia, Piacenza, and Lodi, had abandoned the defense of the line of the Adda (which the French were crossing), and were falling back on the Mincio. All these places will be found on the accompanying Map.



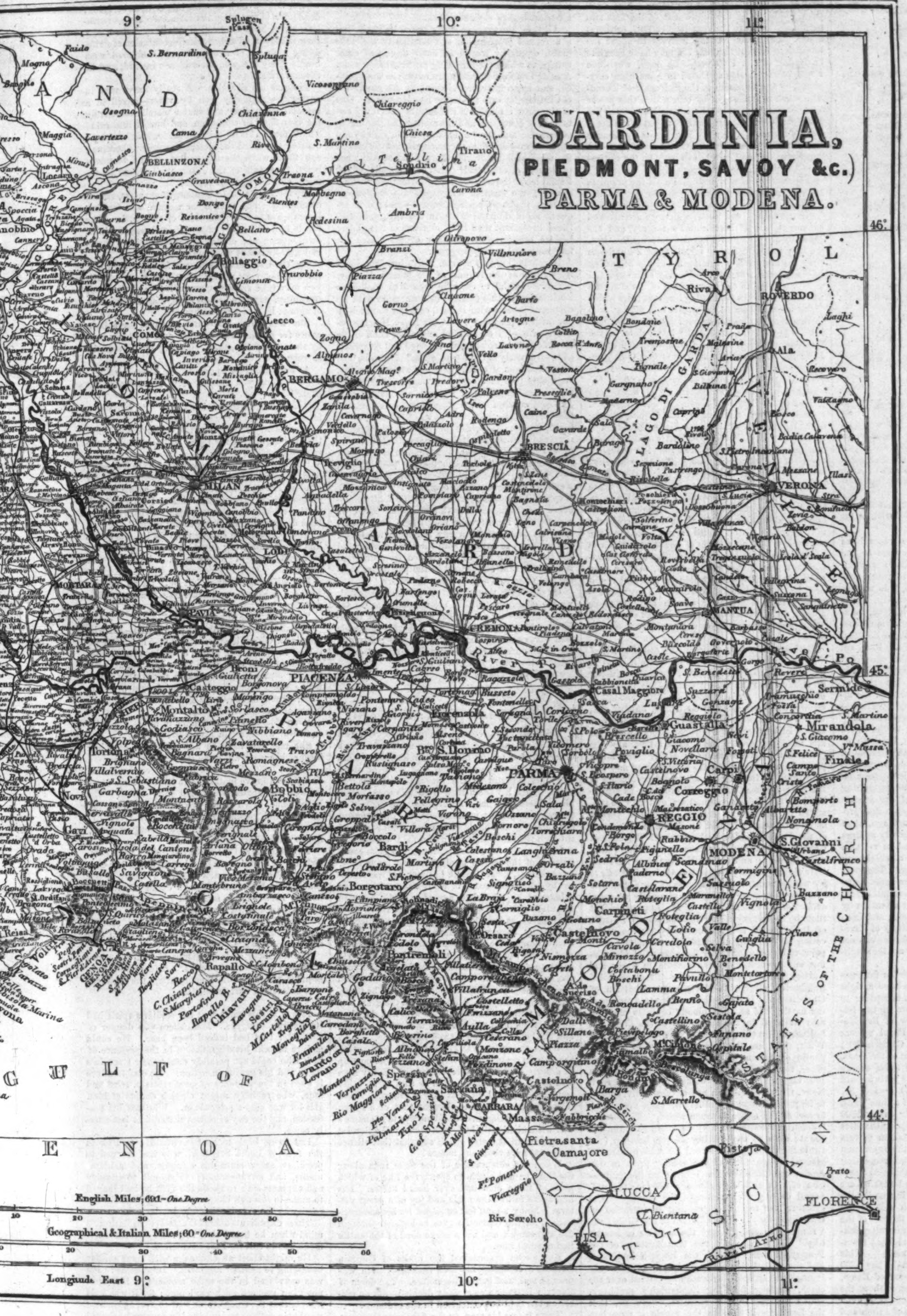
The admirers of Garibaldi, the patriot chief, will likewise be able to trace his wonderful successes on our Map. The whole mountain range, on the slopes of which he is operating, is faithfully depicted: the reader can follow him to Como, the scene of his first victory, up the slope to Bellaggio, toward the Splugen, and down again to Lecco and Bergamo, which he now occupies. With equal ease the student can find the strong places which the Austrians have just evacuated in the Papal States, and the points from which Prince Napoleon is operating in Tuscany. In a word, with this Map the history of the war becomes simple and clear; without it, all is confusion and mystery.

It remains to say something about those portions of the war which are destined to come into note hereafter.

At our latest accounts the Austrians were in full retreat toward what has been called their great Quadrangle. This quadrangle consists of a square space of country inclosed at the four corners by four fortresses—Peschiera and Verona on the north, and Mantua and Legnago on the south. All four are naturally very strong places, and all have been strengthened to the utmost by art. Without them the rivers Adige and Mincio would constitute a very fair defense for the country inclosed by them; with the forts the site is strong indeed. Let us examine the place in detail

Mantua is the most important place in the quadrangle, and is probably the strongest place in Italy. It stands in the midst of swamps and rice-fields, which, in summer time, breed fevers of a very dangerous character, and afford a good protection against a besieging army. Such is the insalubrity of the place that the Austrian commanders have always objected to sending crack regiments there. For centuries it has been a place of arms. It was a noble city in the Middle Ages, and though frequently the scene of heroic combats, was rarely taken. Its lords strengthened it to their utmost; its fortifications were again improved by the Austrians before the attack by Serrurier; the French added something; and of late years the Austrian engineers have exhausted ingenuity to render the place impregnable. The roads to the city through the swamps are so laid down that they can be overflowed and broken up at a few ho... tached forts protect every point of ... people are not supposed to be violen... in favor of liberty. There are 30,0... gether, the richest and most activ... Jews. Grass grows in the public s... streets.

There is precedent, however, ... even of Mantua. In 1796 it was b... French under Serrurier. The exte... however, was such that, with his ... French General could not preven... Austrians, under Wurmser, from f...



[f]ew hours' notice; de-
[poi]nt of approach. The
violently prepossessed
[we]re 30,000 of them alto-
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[How]ever, for the capture
was blockaded by the
[th]e extent of the walls,
[wit]h his small force, the
prevent the defeated
from finding refuge in

the place. The siege then continued, and the French contrived to make the blockade effective. Wurmser killed and salted all his horses; but even this resource failed at last, and he sent an aid-de-camp to Serrurier to negotiate a capitulation. Napoleon, hearing of what was going on, arrived at Serrurier's head-quarters at the very time that the Austrian was expatiating on Wurmser's means of protracting the defense. Wrapped in his cloak by the fire, he sat and listened without speaking for some time; at length he rose; and briefly writing his reply to the Austrian propositions, he said to the aid:

"If Wurmser had only provisions for a fortnight, and spoke of surrendering, he would not deserve an honorable capitulation; but as he has sent you he must be reduced to extremities. I respect his age, his valor, and his misfortunes. Here are my terms; they will be the same if he surrender to-morrow, or a fortnight, or a month, or two months hence."

Wurmser had but three days' provisions left; he surrendered at once.

Mantua was retaken by the Austrians, after four days' bombardment, in 1799. The place is painfully interesting as the scene of the captivity of poor Felix Orsini, who, after suffering a thousand deaths in the dungeon of the fortress, made his escape by a miracle of ingenuity, and died on the scaffold for having attempted to murder the Emperor Napoleon.

Peschiera, which is the northwestern angle of the quadrangle, is of no note except as a fortress. It has no history. Napoleon first fortified it; the Austrians improved upon his work, and made it strong enough to hold out for seven weeks against the Sardinians under Charles Albert; since then the works have been greatly enlarged. One cause of the importance of Peschiera is that it is the key to Lago di Garda, one of the great lakes of Northern Italy. All the Austrian boats on the lake sail out of Peschiera; they could render assistance in case of hostile operations against the place. It is quite likely that the quadrangle will be first assaulted at this point.

Eastward of Peschiera, on the Adige, stands the famous old town of Verona, classic in story. Here are fortresses of colossal size and tremendous strength. Every height in the neighborhood teems with them; sluices and water-gates have been elaborately contrived, at vast expense, for the purpose of flooding the country in case of attack. Warfare and destruction appear to have been the only arts on which the Austrian masters of Italy have spent money. It is a little curious that the first great teacher of the art of fortification—Sanmicheli—was born at Verona, and left behind him, as the best fruits of his genius, several admirable bastions, which still count among the defenses of Verona. The camp near Verona, which is well fortified, and the fortifications themselves, which contain very extensive barracks and an immense arsenal, are capable of containing even the present large Austrian army of Italy.

The city of Verona is reputed the finest site in Italy. The landscape combines lovely blue hills on the north, with varied country scenes on the other sides, dotted with villas and dark cypress groves; the rushing torrent of the Adige, not unfrequently swollen by the mountain rains, divides the city into two portions. The people—of whom there are 60,000—are generally industrious and tolerably prosperous; they have always been rather loyal to Austria than to Italy.

Legnago is a village which was fortified two or three centuries since in the old Italian wars, and was subsequently suffered to fall into decay. Napoleon spent some money in strengthening the works, and the Austrians have labored effectively with the same view. It constitutes the south-eastern corner of the great strategical quadrangle.

The chances are, as we stated, that the decisive combat will be fought in or abeut this great quadrangle. The two rivers alone will enable the Austrians to make a stand there. The Adige, which is an impassable torrent above Verona, is not fordable between that town and Legnago; south of Legnago it flows through marshes, which would be a serious barrier to the movements of cavalry or artillery. In a few weeks this quadrangle will probably be a household word in every one's mouth. It will then be pleasant to have our Map at hand.

At our latest news the Austrians had abandoned the Oglio, and their advance-guard was probably making good its retreat within the strategic square—the French pursuing them hotly. The remembrance of the campaign of Charles Albert in 1848–'9 may now be of service. It is well known that that monarch succeeded so well in this attack on Austrian Italy that not only Milan but Peschiera, and, in a word, all Northern Italy save Mantua, Verona, a small piece of adjacent country, and the road along the Adige into the Tyrol, fell into his possession. It took the Austrians many months to recover courage after the first shock of the Sardinian onslaught. When they did so, and found affairs at home and in Hungary in such a position that they were free to operate with vigor in Italy, the wily veteran Radetsky began to watch Charles Albert. At last the Austrian laid a plot to entrap him. One evening an Austrian general officer was taken by Charles Albert's advanced guard. He sought and obtained a private interview with the King.

"Sire," said he, when they were alone, "I come on behalf of the garrison of Mantua to offer to surrender it into your hands. Our terms are 2,000,000 francs; but, to save our honor, you must encamp at least 60,000 men against the place."

The Sardinian king was delighted; he agreed to the bargain, and set the Austrians free.

In a few days from that time he had 65,000 men encamped among the swamps around Mantua. In a week 15,000 of them were in hospital, and Radetsky had cleared the way for the successful march which eventually was the means of recovering Lombardy and overthrowing Charles Albert.

JULIA IN HEAVEN.

BY GEORGE W. CHAPMAN.

Far up in the misty Andes' side,
  Away from the summer's sultry glow,
A calm and sequestered vale lies hid,
  Where the violets bloom by the melting snow.
Deep cleft in the hoary mountain's breast,
  And cradled aloft in its mighty arms,
That vale is a scene of peaceful rest,
  Secure from the frowns of the Alpine storms.
No winters their blights to its verdure bring,
And it smiles in the bloom of eternal spring.

The winding path to this vernal retreat
  Is barred by steep crags and shelving rocks,
Inaccessible save to the shepherd's feet
  And his timid and half-reluctant flocks.
And hither in summer he leads the dams
  From the arid plain and the withered grove;
He takes in his arms the tender lambs
  And places them high on the cliffs above.
And the bleating young, with imploring tone,
Lean over and beckon the mothers on.

I know that the Shepherd has taken our child
  And has lifted her tenderly up on high:
That she breathes, where the zephyrs are soft and mild,
  Of the fragrance of flowers that bloom in the sky.
I can not see the angelic throng,
  For the gushing tears my eyelids fill,
I can not hear the seraphic song,
  For my poor heart's throbbings will not be still;
But a fondly imploring form I see,
And I know that my Julia is beckoning to me.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

BY MARTYN PAINE, M.D., LL.D.

"Ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—*Matthew*, xvi. 3.

"Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six."—*Revelation*, xiii. 18.

"None of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand."—*Daniel*, xii. 10. Referring to the following events.

The passing events of a few late years have directed the attention of some observers to the prophecies that remain to be fulfilled; and although I have been long inclined to think that their consummation is near at hand, I do not intend to raise any alarm in the community. It is true that, when these events shall happen, mankind will look on with great consternation, especially that portion which has been more addicted to the worship of earth than of Heaven. But I am apt to believe that this is the worst that can befall them, and that they will enjoy a compensation in a more lively appreciation of the divine origin of the Bible, and of a divine interposition in the affairs of the human race, and that prayer will cease to be a mere matter of form. Moreover, not only the Gentile but the Jew will bow to the awful solemnity of this new proclamation, for both of them will be equally included in the summons. I will say also, at the outset, that I do not profess to be "a new light," not even an interpreter of prophecy, but simply a commentator on passing events. Nevertheless, as a basis of my present speculations, I recur to some of the able interpreters who flourished more than a century ago, when all the "signs of the times" were totally against the conclusions at which they arrived in relation to those unfulfilled prophecies about which any sane man would think of speculating. The most reliable of these interpreters are Sir Isaac Newton and Bishop Newton; and, as I have intimated, they are also the more entitled to our attention by the absence of all signs to guide them, and from having predicated their opinions entirely of Revelation, yet conceding that these prophecies can not be thoroughly understood until they are thoroughly fulfilled.

It may be next said that there remain four unfulfilled prophecies about which we have a right to speculate, and whose fulfillment, according to the foregoing interpreters, will occur in the following order: First, the overthrow of the Mohammedan power; second, of the Papal power; third, the universal diffusion of Christianity; fourth, the conversion and restoration of the Jews. Now the time of the fulfillment of these events could be accurately ascertained if the period could be fixed from which began the 1260 days of St. John, and the "time, times, and half a time" both of John and Daniel, which equally mean 1260 years, since it is not doubted by our authorities that the fall of the Ottoman and Roman powers will be nearly simultaneous, and at the expiration of the 1260 years, and that the two remaining events will happen at intervals of about 35 years afterward. It may be also premised that we are said by these interpreters to be living under the "sixth trumpet," the end of which will be the total fall of the Ottoman power and the end of the "second *woe*," when the "third *woe* cometh quickly," consisting of the "seventh [and last] trumpet," which includes the "seven vials." This trumpet is properly the termination of the 1260 years, and pronounces the final doom of Rome, when "the wine-press will be trodden without the city, and blood come out of the wine-press, even unto the horses' bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs" (*Revelation*, xiv. 20); which has been ascertained to be exactly the distance from the walls of Rome to the River Po and the March of Ancona—the extent of the Roman States. The "seven vials of wrath" will be "poured out" in quick succession.

Now the point of difficulty is in ascertaining when the supremacy of the Pope was fully established, as here begins the reckoning of the 1260 years. Bishop Newton thinks it "appears to be most probable that it is to be dated from the year 727," though inclined, also, to the opinion that it may be the year 606, when the tyrant Phocas, by virtue of a grant to the Pope, established his supremacy, and especially, also, on account of the remarkable coincidence that it was in this year that Mohammed forged his imposture. These periods would bring the fulfillment of the first two prophecies either to the year 1866 or 1987, or thereabout. Sir Isaac Newton inclines to about the latter date, or that the year 755 may have been the beginning of the 1260 prophetic days, when the Papal power is also supposed to have been completed by the accession of the exarchate of Ravenna; while it is thought by others that this power was not fully confirmed till a little later, for as yet Rome itself was not temporally subject to the Pope, but was brought under the Papal yoke by Charles the Great. This event certainly completed the supremacy of the Church, and may be the critical period at which the 1260 years began.

The reader has now before him all the premises relative to the period so important for ascertaining the beginning fulfillment of the prophecies which lie in the future, and about which we are allowed to speculate. If Mohammed's forgery and the grant by the Emperor Phocas determine the time, we may look out, at any moment, for a hurricane from the last blast of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh trumpets. We may soon expect, I say, to witness, in the overturning of the Ottoman and Roman powers, something like that voice which "answered Job out of the whirlwind, saying, who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Or, should the latest date be the true one, the most that can be anticipated of the foregoing nature will be a series of events increasing in significance till the grand *dénouement* takes place about the beginning of the year 2000.

Other and late interpreters, who have been guided by the "signs of the times," have neglected entirely the order of events, and hence, among other fallacies, it was imagined that Napoleon I. was fighting in Italy the great battle of Revelation. But here it was not considered that the universal spread of Christianity is to succeed that event within a few years, and there were no "signs" of "a consummation so devoutly to be wished." There can, indeed, be no well-founded speculation upon this occult subject until there shall appear *simultaneously* a combination of "signs" indicative of the near approach of the several events, excepting the conversion and restoration of the Jews, which is probably to depend upon the fulfillment of the antecedent prophecies; who, however, may be seen to be, by their isolated position, in constant readiness for their restoration to Judea. I say near approach, for the prophetic war in Italy is to be abrupt, and Christianity is to be carried effectually among the heathen nations within thirty-five years after.

Hitherto, therefore, the requisite combination of "signs" has not existed; but let us see if there be not at present such a display of them as to justify an opinion that the present war in Italy is the war of Revelation. It is scarcely doubtful that Christianity will have overspread China, Japan, etc., within a brief period—certainly within half a century. But before that event can happen the Papal and Ottoman powers must have fallen, and the great battle have come off in Italy. The latter power is tottering, if not the former; and any day may bring us intelligence of a fatal revolution in the East, especially as it will probably be stimulated by the Italian commotions, and may be promoted by Russia and France. It is also worthy of remark that it is said by St. John that some of the Powers which had sustained the Roman Church shall ultimately turn against her [Rev. xvii. 16, etc.]; and Bishop Newton observes that, "*As the kings of France have contributed greatly to her advancement, it is not impossible nor improbable that, some time or other, they may also be the principal authors of her destruction.*" It is also very evident that the machinery of war and the present attitude of Italy are all that are necessary for the verification of this part of prophecy. But the main point to be considered, for the purpose of identifying any revolutionary movements in Italy and Turkey with the first in the series of the unfulfilled prophecies, relates to the present condition of Christianity. Is this religion about to overspread the earth? If so, then bloody conflicts must be near at hand in the dominions of the Pope and Sultan, unless the prophecies are misapprehended. What, then, are the "signs" relative to the prophetic extension of Christianity? In the first place, the Scriptures are translated into more than 160 languages, mostly within a recent period. Next, China and Japan are unreservedly opened to its propagation; and nearly the same may be affirmed of the entire heathen world. Many other incidental movements may be taken into the account; such as the docility of the heathen (the Bible for them and the sword for Antichrist); the general co-operation of the secular press in disseminating Christian knowledge, even the publication of this article in *Harper's Weekly;* the universal daily prayer-meetings; the Sunday-school system; the rapidly-increasing co-operation of Christians for the dissemination of the Bible; the "running to and fro, and the increase of knowledge" [Dan. xii. 4]; the identification of the Protestant religion with the English language, and the probability that this language—the only "pure" one spoken—will soon be carried over the earth, thereby fulfilling Zephaniah's prophecy, which relates to the subjects before us, that the Lord "will turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent" [Zeph. iii. 9]; the increase of benevolence and of the humanity of penal laws; the independence of private opinion in countries of enlightened institutions, and the increasing tyranny over private opinion in all countries where governments are despotic, thus leading to revolutions; the rapid extension and independence of the periodical press; the democratic character of the laws and institutions in the United States and Great Britain, as forming the ground-work of that universal liberty which must prevail when mankind shall generally embrace the precepts of Christianity; the intimate, and therefore unstable, connection which the Roman Church has formed with despotic governments, and the intolerance of both; besides many other analogous considerations.

All this, however, does not prove by itself that a universal propagation of Christianity will take place, especially within an early day; but other things, to which the foregoing are preliminary, do. Among these other things are events as unexpected, and apparently providential, as the admission of Christianity into the entire heathen world. One of the most essential is the certain and rapid extension of commerce and the raising and mixing up of nations; and these events are made sure by the application of steam to the navigation of the ocean; the wonderful discoveries of gold and of coal; the settlement of the Pacific coast, of Australia, of the Pacific isles; the colonization of Africa; the railroad system; the electric telegraph; the expressage system; the cheap postage system—and the consequent rapid multiplication, in the future, of civilized Protestant man in all quarters of the globe; besides other recent tributary events which the foregoing will readily suggest.

In concluding this article, which has been hastily written at the request of the Messrs. Harper, it may be useful to state, in regard to St. John's Book of Revelation (which, in connection with its correspondencies with Daniel, engages so much of our faith in prophecy), that Sir Isaac Newton remarks of it—"I do not find any other book of the New Testament so strongly attested and commented upon so early as the Apocalypse." Irenæus, who flourished soon after St. John, and a disciple of his, supposing that the prophetic "name of the beast" must be either Greek or Hebrew, ascertained that *Lateinos*, a name of the *Roman kingdom*, contains the number 666: thus, Α—30, Α—1, Τ—300, Ε—5, Ι—10, Ν—50, Ο—70, Σ—200=666. Subsequently the word *Romiith*, the Hebrew name for the *Roman beast*, or *Roman kingdom*, was found to also contain the same number: thus, ר—200, ו—6, מ—40, י—10, י—10, ת—400 = 666. Upon this Bishop Newton has the following comment: "It is really surprising that there should be such a fatal coincidence in both names in both languages. Mr. Pyle asserts, and I believe he may assert very truly, that 'no other word, in any language whatever, can be found to express both the same *number* and the same *thing;*' and here are *two*, from different languages, that correspond in the particular *number* and *thing* to which the prophet refers.

On the whole, therefore, if our premises be sound, we are clearly justified in the opinion that we are very near the time when the great battle of Revelation will be fought, since it is highly probable that Commerce will have carried Christianity and the one "pure language" over the earth before another half-century shall have expired.

New York, *June* 22, 1859.

CAPTAIN LATIMER: COWARD.

Horror of horrors! There, under the full blaze of the morning sun, in the midst of a glare of glory, that placed him as conspicuously before his comrades as monumental warrior ever stood upon his pedestal in the thronged city square; there, under his astonished General's eyes, before his confused, abashed soldiers, stood the Captain of the company, silent, motionless, while the tumultuous shouting, and bugle's blast and drum beat, told through the ranks that the awful field was won.

Without the faintest reflection on his grim countenance of the joyous exultation that made other faces radiant, stood Captain Latimer, far less troubled by his apprehension of what was to come than astounded by what had passed. While his men disputed with each other, and strove to throw from themselves, as individuals, the disgrace which, as a company, they must endure, their captain stood silent, immovable. No one addressed him, but he was in the thought of all men on that field. He spoke to none—recrimination could not help him—the rage and shame he felt were not to be soothed or controlled by self-extenuation. Dumb he stood, with downcast eyes. Under his feet the grass was slippery with the blood of those who had dared to die, over his head was the blue unclouded heaven, and the heat of the sun waxed intolerable.

When the order was given for the remnant of the various companies to form he drew his men up in order. His ranks were unbroken. Every man was in his place. This could be said of no other company engaged in that day's action. Think if it was a comfortable thought that of *his* men none were missing, each could answer to his name's call when the battle had been won by the fiercest struggle, and at a cost of life so great that silence answered for a thousand names!

When the commander of the force rode along the lines he had words to speak the like of which none of these men had ever heard before. His heart was full of the pride and joy of a great victory. Many a man felt ennobled by his commendation, for the General's eyes had gazed through fire and smoke, and not a brave deed of the battle had escaped him.

But as he approached the ranks of Captain Latimer's company his face darkened. He was prompt and brief here as heretofore. The doom of Captain Latimer was already decided—not an officer on the field but concurred in the sentence.

There before his men, on the field won that day, he also was to receive his reward. A word explained it to him, and he delivered sword and epaulets to his General. "It is just," said he. "The past goes for nothing. My conduct was that of a coward." His lips closed firmly over this self-condemnation, and he walked from the field with the dignity of a man who has taken part in a public accusation.

At that moment his house was divided against itself. He was ruined, he said. He had faltered at a moment when decision was all-important; his ranks had fallen into confusion; and officers and men had retreated with ignominy. The moment after he was cool enough, saw where he had failed, could have rallied his troops, and retrieved his name; but other men marched in, they were falling, where, O Heaven! that he might now be lying, dead; for happy were the slain, bleeding, breathless, lying heap on heap where they fell—happy they who groaned unheard in the confusion of strife, dying a death of agony, happy compared with him! They had won the soldier's reward, and he the coward's.

Imagine his situation. A really brave man in authority—authority won by valor—seized in a moment when glory and shame were imminent by the very devil of confusion, and hurled into ruin! Think how, in his solitary retreat toward the army's quarters, he heard the victorious soldiers shouting; saw them wave the captured flags and banners; heard them talk of the event, the brilliant movement, and the glorious result!

He returned to his wife shorn of epaulets, sword, commission; she, with other women, was waiting in suspense to learn the issue of the battle. She ran to him with a cry of joy when he appeared, his own messenger; doubtless covered with glory—and safe—without a wound!

But the Captain freed himself from her embrace, put her, not very gently, back, and said, "Wait, you may take another view of it;" and then, not so calmly, nay, ere he had done, with an outbreak of agony, he told her his shame.

She wept with him—and it would have been easier for Rachel to have wept over his body torn by the rage of war, than, standing by his side, he so very safe.

At length he rose up, controlled himself, said,

"What do you think? Am I a coward, Rachel?"

"No!" she answered, instantly. "I know you for a brave soldier, Captain Latimer."

She called him by his title, though she knew that the dignity of the name and authority of the rank were his no longer.

"Then," said he, "it is worth while to live yet." And he sprang to his feet, stood erect, no longer crushed and pale, no longer disabled by his sudden unimaginable humiliation. "But I must go back to the ranks. In the very place where I have been disgraced I will retrieve my honor."

This purpose had sprung from the heights above him like an inspiring angel, to throw light on the profound deep of darkness in which he was plunged.

His wife was amazed, but only for an instant. She, too, took hope and heart from him now, as he erst from her.

"Be it so," she answered.

And then the Captain's gay young wife—she who married a veritable officer (and by no means a foot-soldier in the ranks), a hero of well-earned fame—she whose blue eyes were won, you might have said, by a pair of epaulets and a sword, this young wife seemed suddenly transformed into a young hero; proud, strong, very grave, very resolute—in endurance if not in doing.

Even if he had been a traitor to himself, no other traitor was there in his camp!

She took her baby in her arms, and held him high as her maternal pride could reach.

"Boy," said she, "you are a brave man's son. You have a brave man's life to live." Then in an instant she abated from that lofty mood. The babe came down from his elevation, and lay smiling, and unconscious of any heroic destiny, very like an innocent, incapable young creature, in the arms of his young mother.

The Captain walked about the room a trifle comforted. A trifle! he might have valued her consolation thus lightly, now that he was sure of her confidence; but if an instant's doubt of him had flashed between her soul and his, John Latimer would have deemed her lack of confidence a more disastrous portent, a more humiliating sorrow, than the misjudgment of officers and men on that day's field of battle.

The next day after his dismissal from the army Latimer enlisted in the ranks. A few weeks subsequent, to his infinite consternation, the regiment was ordered to Fort Invincible.

It was at this point that the soldier's spirit had its severest struggle. Here there was danger of surrender that had indeed been base. He could endure to bear his degradation in the presence of men who could not possibly doubt their Captain's valor and his genius in action. He could endure it even in the presence of good soldiers, tried and true, who secretly might cherish doubts of him. His lot was cast among them. War was his profession, and the day of retrieval would at last surely come.

But to go back to Fort Invincible; to look in the face of Louis Stormald, who had learned to prophesy anew since his exploits, and achievements, and advancement; to submit to inquiry and explanation; to make the visit he had longed to make in *this* new character—he regarded the necessity as the culmination of calamity.

Three expedients offered themselves to Latimer's mind when he heard that the next day the regiment was to sail for Fort Invincible.

He might effect an exchange with some soldier belonging to another regiment. Impossible! He was convinced in the same moment. He could not even propose such exchange; for it was well known that the troops to be sent to Fort Invincible would see active service—the last fortune he should seek to avoid.

Then—desertion! A flood of fire seemed to roll through the soldier's veins at this base suggestion; it was driven out with scourgings from the confusion of his thoughts, to stand before him naked and ashamed as a thought of his own willing. Desertion! The crimsoned face and throbbing heart of the man became him when he started up in fiery resentment to rebuke the suggestion of such deliverance.

Then—suicide! The fever in his blood was followed by a chill. Ah, death, indeed how welcome! In the darkness of the night of his temptation Latimer flung open his breast and his arms to the thought, and Death undisguised had been welcome at that moment when he ceased to hope, when he

sunk down under the burden of his life's failure, and could think of no deliverance.

But to such a man in such a strait it was impossible that death should come, or that he should find it. Who called his life a failure? Failure it might be, but who dared to name it so! Failure! when he felt in him the nerve, the energy, the courage of ten. Failure! when there were still battles to be fought, and laurels to be won. Failure! when his wife trusted in his integrity! Failure! when in her girlish sport she would call their boy "General," even now as in the proud old times when she was a Captain's wife, before whom was the sure chance of promotion.

Look at it. He had not many hours to deliberate. What if he had been successful in making a substitution? Would you have called him a coward because he shrunk from going back to the old fort, from looking at the old familiar faces, from hearing and seeing a "Ha! ha!" of derision whichever way he turned his eyes? Do you not understand? There were some there whom he loved. Possibly they knew not his disgrace—though very sure he was they knew of his promotion. To a man like him it was the essential burden of the trial that he should disappoint the loving and the trusting—those who had wished him God-speed; and though in this time of confused thinking this thought was not uppermost in his brain, it *was* foremost in his heart—waiting to be recognized and to overwhelm him.

And then, what if he had deserted, or put an end to all by some desperate action? Because, though feeling himself afflicted, and weak, and half-crazed with indecision, here I deem the man's testimony was rendered and recorded. To satisfy himself he need not strive farther, or attempt any achievement. Brilliant exploits are not always heroic: there was genuine heroism in the choice he now made. Here was a rock that stood not on sandy foundation.

So he said to himself in the gray twilight of that dismal morning, when his eyes, unclosed through all the night, saw the preparations being made for departure,

"I must go back to Fort Invincible. I must bear that too. For the sake of my wife and child I could endure more than this. Rachel married an honorable soldier, and my boy shall never be ashamed to bear his father's name."

The 30th Regiment marched into Fort Invincible on the first day of May, to the great relief of the inhabitants of that isolated station, drum-beat and waving banner, cannon-roar and shouting, broke on the quiet of the town. The public sense of security, greatly disturbed of late, was restored. People might eat and sleep now without fear and trembling—no light privilege to such as found their life's business in these occupations.

Seriously, in the new development of foreign affairs, Fort Invincible was seen to be a point of eminence—a position to be guarded. Its reinforcement was found to be absolutely necessary. Accordingly, on the first day of May, the 30th Regiment was landed on the shore and marched to its new quarters.

Among the soldiers was the private, John Latimer, by no means a stranger to the scenery of Fort Invincible. Those rocks had been the play-ground of his youth—he had grown up with visions of war and glory for his company in the shadow of the grim fort walls—had played soldier till he became one, living meanwhile, for the most part, in the shop of Louis Stormald, gunsmith, who gave the lad his bread and the shelter of a roof, and intended to teach him his craft. But not by waiting on the forge—in *use* of the arms fashioned thereon—John Latimer purposed to live. And he almost broke the heart of old Louis, as well as his own heart, when, the deed of enlistment done, the troops were ordered immediately on a foreign service.

As tenderly as ever mother loved her son, Louis loved the lad whom he had adopted. Of the man's care the boy had been conscious since he could remember, but of the man's love he had no conception till he saw him pale with grief, and weeping, like a woman distressed, to know that his boy had passed from his care to the hard, perilous life of a soldier.

Louis had spoken some harsh words on this occasion—had accused the boy of ingratitude, and prophesied that he who had served a benefactor so falsely would not be true in any other service. But very soon he ceased to talk in this strain; he loved the lad too well; and, seeing the hard path he had chosen, he was moved to smooth its roughness, as far as he might, by generous wishes, and promises of aid, and hopeful prophecy. And having come to such speech—having controlled himself so far as to be able from his heart to speak thus—it was not possible that young Latimer should accept such proof of love without remorse for the pain he had occasioned the honest old soul. This feeling never left him till, from a foreign land, he sent home to Louis the report of an action in which his name was conspicuous for valiant conduct.

Then, for years, he had continued to gladden the heart of Stormald by his deeds. When he obtained his captaincy he would fain have gone home, only to look into the eyes of Louis and show him his sword. But years passed on, and they had not met since first they parted.

And now they were to look upon each other! And specially, and only, because he feared to meet the disappointment and the grief of Louis Stormald, Latimer determined on the voyage that he would not lose an hour, after the ship's arrival at Fort Invincible, before he sought his friend and made known to him the sad fulfillment of his first prophecy.

Louis' shop, he recollected, used to stand back of the hospital. It was quite conspicuously located with reference to other shops upon the street. There he found it—the same little stone building, with the old sign over the door—so entirely the shop of old time, that when John Latimer looked at it he rubbed his eyes, and could not easily believe that what he saw was real.

He had no time to lose in making this visit—must return at once to head-quarters. He had only come to show his old benefactor that he was not ashamed to stand before him; to ask if he could still believe in him. He should not be gone five minutes, he assured his wife. So he walked up to the shop-door, opened it, and entered as one who came in haste on some important business.

Louis Stormald was there alone, working at his grindstone, even as on the day when Latimer stood there for the last time, and they talked with tremulous voices of the dark future into which the youth was about to plunge. Little Stormald looked, to Latimer, at least half a century older than he looked on their day of parting.

And the soldier standing there—the mighty man of war—a figure to be loved by Frederick William for his veritable inches, and his unquestionable muscle, and the valor flaming from his eyes, keen and quick as those of a detective—John Latimer was changed so much, by exposure and by anguish, that Louis did not know him. He saw a soldier, and wondered what he wanted; and as the soldier did not tell him instantly, he asked,

"Well, Sir, can I serve you?"

"Yes, that you can," said Latimer, quickly. Then, for directness alone would serve him, "Don't you know me, Louis?"

"No," said Stormald, looking at the stranger doubtfully. He repeated the word with more decision.

"Don't—don't know me?"

Louis surveyed him again from head to foot. Tears started to Latimer's eyes when he met the wistful gaze of the old man, and recollected how much separated them—more than fifteen years, more than size and space, inches, and a beard. The quick eyes of the old man saw those tears. He laid his hand on Latimer's shoulder.

"There's only one I can think of," said he. "It isn't John—it can't be Captain Latimer."

He spoke with certainty. This man was a foot soldier, but John Latimer was a captain.

"You are right," said John. "But why? I have been taken for Captain Latimer before now."

More in doubt than before, Louis looked at the man. The address seemed familiar. And yet—no—certainly this was not Captain Latimer. Still the longer he hesitated the more perplexed he became. At length he broke out, flinging his old arms up in amazement, crying, breathlessly,

"Why, isn't it my boy? I swear it is! Though you are no captain, I should think. Come here in disguise to cheat an old fellow! You are a pretty one!"

"A pretty one!" said John, with a feeble smile; and he shook his head. "You are right," he continued, "I am no captain, Stormald."

"Then, for all I know, a general!" said Louis, with glistening eyes and faltering voice; and in his hard old hands he clasped the hands of the brave soldier. "Any way, I owned long ago I was a fool to stand in the boy's way; and I'm glad you were too much for me, my lad. I got all your papers! I know all about it! But you'll have to fight those battles over again for me."

"Then," said John Latimer, drawing himself up, and planting his feet firmly as if before a cannon's mouth, expecting, at least prepared for, annihilation the next moment—"then you did not hear of my last battle, Sir?"

"I don't know," answered the gunsmith, doubtfully; and he named those fields whereon this man had won his fame.

"No, no, the last." There was an instant's struggle, then the voice spoke once more, scarcely above a whisper, yet it stirred the hearer as a thunderous sound. "Louis, when a man advances backward in the army, does he get much glory? What do you think, man? My chances are not as good as they were when I stood here fifteen years ago."

"Sit down, sit down," said old Louis, very much disconcerted—and he ran to get a chair.

"No, no," replied Latimer; and with a sweep of his arm he seemed to clear away all false pity, all mean succor.

"Did you think of me, Stormald, when you heard the cannon? We were landing then?"

"I haven't heard the sound of a gun in fifteen years, night or morning, but I've thought of you," said Louis.

"Then, though you heard I was promoted you did not hear the rest?"

Louis wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and hardly daring to look at Latimer, asked,

"What is the rest, John? Tell me, by Mars!"

"I'm in the ranks again."

"No, Sir!"

"Could I shoot myself to prove I was no coward? I had to live. So I enlisted again after I lost my sword and commission. Yes, to fight out the fight just where I disgraced my name, by faltering where to falter was to lose all. Oh, blast it! Did you take me for poltroon, Louis Stormald?"

"Not if every commander-in-chief in the world branded you so on your forehead! Coward! John Latimer a coward! *My* John? *my* boy?"

John Latimer gasped for breath, as if in the agony of one who has barely escaped drowning.

"I could carry the brand though," said he at length, "since you and my wife believe in me! I have not lived out my life yet. No, not quite! Only wait, old father Stormald—wait with Rachel. I've got one more battle to fight yet. Come, father! I want to show you my wife and boy. You didn't know you were a grandfather."

With a smile on their stern, grave faces the young man and the old walked, like lovers, to the barracks.

The arrival of the regiment was calculated well, in time. That very night of the investment of Fort Invincible a band of warriors marched up from a distant landing, hoping to surprise the garrison, by which they had been anticipated.

But the sentinel on guard that night was one to whom surprise was impossible—John Latimer, no other. To him, by no mere chance, but by most merciful allotment, the lives of the garrison were that night intrusted, and the Angel of his presence saved them.

He sounded the alarm! it was as the cry of an anointed one. He, as if clad in armor, or bearing a charmed life, met the foemen at the head of Invincible Legions. "Do your duty!" was the command; the soldiers heard. Coming from him, those words had a terrible sound. The men sprung from their sleep. In that moment of confusion and danger, when there was no time for organization, when prompt courage would alone avert destruction, it was John Latimer who acted. He raged like fire—he overwhelmed like flood—he stood like rock. He commanded, encouraged, cheered on the men.

But at daybreak his form was not to be seen among the soldiers; his voice was no longer heard.

Behold how in the east the clouds disperse, and the mists of morning scatter. He cometh who shall illuminate the world.

The sun of Latimer is rising also; his sun, who lies under the gaze of Rachel and old Stormald, with the flag of the foe wound round his bleeding body—for in this awful conflict, of all wounds won his are most glorious.

Soon shall he arise.

Then shall the old man lay a sword in his right hand; the young wife shall unfold the epaulets; and descendants of the boy who nestles in Rachel's arms shall read how, on this day, a laurel wreath was twined for the gory locks of Latimer.

Brave, blue-eyed woman, grieve not for those wounds; his blood has washed his shame out of history. And call him by what heroic names you will, old Louis, his heart has won them all; this soldier has vindicated fame.

TOBACCO AND I.

I GIVE it up! It is no use!—
  Tobacco, you and I must quit!
Why should I stuff me, like a goose,
  And be forever on the spit?

My cud (eschewed) may "go to grass;"
  I need no cud; I'm not a cow!
It doesn't "pay," Belinda says—
  This quid that brings no FAIR *pro quo*.

My pipe, that seem'd a pipe of peace,
  In pieces lies: no more "divine."
I've no Bocarme tendencies;
  And the "Old Nick" is in this nicotine.

With "cloud-compelling Jove"-ial wits,
  In "Cuban stock" no more I trust;
For if I *fume* "somebody" frets,
  And this *Fille-buster* is not "*buss'd!*"

Why should I smoke? why light the *Feu Follet* that kindles countless woes?
Why "nigger-head" or "pig-tail" chew,
  Or make an ash-hole of my nose?

It dulls the sense, defiles the breath,
  Depraves the taste, depletes the purse;
Poisons the very air with death,
  And makes an everlasting "muss."

So, ladies, you who're "up to snuff,"
  Look elsewhere for your fellow-puffers;
You'll ne'er make of *this* piece of stuff
  The worse half of a pair of snuffers.

And "gents"—if you're some city "Brick,"
  To you I've just this word to say:
There *are* those whom your *smoke makes sick!*
  So don't—*don't* FUMIGATE BROADWAY.

HOUSATONIC VALLEY, 1859. P.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

GREEN PEASE AND PEA-BUGS.

AT this season of the year, when city people are eating almost every thing green (except window-blinds), it may be no harm to say a few words about green pease and the insects that infest them—not wishing that any one should eat more pease or more bugs, but simply to tell the facts.

There is an insect known to naturalists as the *Bruchus Pisi* of Linnæus, and to other people, just as natural, as the pea-bug, but to many who swallow countless numbers of its kind it is entirely unknown.

A correspondent (W. B., Connecticut) writes us:

"I find insects in the grub state in my pease. I send you some unopened pods in a glass vessel, sealed, and would be obliged to you for information about them."

We find, on examination, that they are the notorious pea-bugs in the larva or grub state, and which will come forth from the pease in the imago or perfect state next spring. When full grown, the insect is a little more than the tenth of an inch long. There is a white spot on the thorax, and the wing-cases, which do not entirely cover the abdomen, have several white spots on them. The antennæ are short, and saw-toothed on the under side. On the hinder part of the insect is a white spot like the letter T. The ravages of this insect are, some years, very great on garden and field pease. Fortunately they seldom injure the germ of the pea, so that *buggy pease* may be used as seed, but they do not produce as well as perfect seed. The insects seem to be limited in the time for depositing their eggs. After the pea vines have flowered, and the pease begin to form, the insects puncture the pods and deposit their eggs; this they generally do in the night, or in cloudy weather. After the eggs are hatched and the grubs pass into the pease, where they feed and undergo their changes, they come forth fully developed beetles in spring. If the pease, before sowing time, are thrown into hot water for a minute or two, the insects will be killed.

Kalm, the Swedish traveler, who visited this country in 1748, to make botanical researches, took home with him some pease; but on his arrival he found them infested with pea-bugs, which caused him great alarm lest he should thus introduce them to his native land. It would have been well for America had others been as careful as he was, through whom insects have been brought to this country that are now the cause of much injury to our growing crops.

The Patent Office Report says:

"This insect, though common in all the older States, is almost wholly unknown in Canada—owing, perhaps, to its not being able to withstand the severity of a Canadian winter. Hence thousands of bushels of pease are annually brought from Canada to the United States for seed."

These facts are no longer true of Canada. The little depredators spoken of did not confine themselves within the boundaries of the United States; for when the writer visited Upper Canada last year there was hardly a pea-field in Haldimand County that was not swarming with them, and there were other counties too of which it was a fair representative.

WHEAT ON HEAD-LANDS.

W. G., Welland County, Canada West, writes:

"Why is wheat on *head-lands* generally so much better than that grown in other parts of the same field?"

In some cases wheat on other parts of the field may be the best; but when that grown on head-lands is of remarkable quality, may not the result be owing mainly to the following facts, unless the head-lands received special treatment:

1. In plowing toward the head-lands the mould-board of the plow carries soil near to the fence, and consequently this makes a greater depth of surface-soil than in most other parts of the field, in which the roots of plants *may strike in search of food*.

2. Snow remains on head-lands, because of the protection of fences, for a greater length of time and in greater quantities than in most other parts of the field, and for the same reason it thaws more gradually. Most wheat-growers must have seen that such parts of fields as have had the snow blown off, and especially if there be a night's frost, and the succeeding day was warm to cause sudden thawing, afterward the wheat will present what is known as a "burned" appearance. The principle in this case appears to be so well known to every market-gardener in the case of cold frame plants—namely, that sudden thawing should not be permitted to occur; for although cold frame cabbage-plants do not receive injury from being frozen, a sudden change of temperature is to be carefully avoided.

3. Animals are frequently permitted to rest at the head-lands while the plowman is helping himself to a drink, and their droppings enrich the soil.

4. Animals are often fed at head-lands, and portions of the food are scattered.

5. Sometimes the "lands" are plowed out quite close to the fences; and when the head-land is plowed, a part of it is often plowed a second time—namely, that next to the ends of the ridges, or "lands."

There are other minor causes why the head-lands should produce the best wheat, but too numerous to be treated here; all of which, in addition to the above, show that we reap the largest harvest when the soil is in best condition, both as regards the substances that make the plant and the fine tilth which enables the plant to make use of them.

WHEAT.—METEOROLOGICAL INFLUENCES.

It is a generally-admitted fact in England that wheat can not be successfully cultivated at a height of 1000 feet above the sea; while in the south of France it may be grown at an elevation of 1500 feet. This is attributed to difference of temperature.

It is also well understood that the moisture of the atmosphere influences the composition of wheat; for in moist climates, such as that of Ireland, it will contain a larger percentage of water.

Now, for the reason that a great amount of fertilizing material is taken from the atmosphere during a rainy season, and, under favorable circumstances, by means of this water from the soil to the plant, the necessity of proper mechanical condition of the soil becomes self-evident, so that plants may be benefited to the fullest extent by the substances in the earth. If proper underdrains are in soils that need them, all excess of moisture will pass away; thus permitting the free circulation of air to exercise its beneficial effects, both in increasing the fertility of the soil and enabling the wheat plant to withstand the various diseases to which it is liable.

In wheat the percentage of gluten is invariably greater in warm climates than in cold ones.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

THE fairies fill their tiny cups
  With drops of diamond dew;
The fay-man from his chalice sups,
  And laughs the long night through.

We brush God's gentle dews away,
  To brim our hearts with tears;
We vail the sun, and, waiting day,
  Thus count our nights by years.

THE CHARGE OF THE ZOUAVES AT THE BATTLE OF PALESTRO.

THE CHARGE OF THE ZOUAVES AT PALESTRO.

WE give herewith an engraving of the Zouaves' charge at Palestro—up a hill, in the teeth of the Austrian batteries. A correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the affair:

"By a dexterous Austrian movement the Piedmontese were fairly outflanked, and much surprise and not a little indignation was felt among the Piedmontese officers that the French division immediately behind them remained motionless, without even making a demonstration to stop the advance of the Austrians. The King tried a desperate effort; he sent an aid-de-camp to the General commanding, General Trochu, and ordered him to send a brigade to drive the Austrians out of Scavarda. The General replied that he had orders to protect the passage of the bridge for the French troops on the other side of the Sesia, and that he could take no share in the action without the Emperor's express orders. At this moment the fighting had been going on for five hours, the men began to show some signs of discouragement. The Colonel of the 3d Regiment of Zouaves, whose regiment had been drawn up along the river side, exclaimed, '*Mäis ces malheureux vont être abimes,*' and sending an orderly to the Emperor for permission to attack, without waiting for a reply, dashed across the Sesia, and moved up to Borgo Vercelli. The men rushed along with that elastic step and disregard of strictly regular formation that characterizes them. On they rushed, regardless of bogs, rice-grounds, bullets, and grape-shot. They were only brought up by a rivulet, which had been used to turn a mill. There is no bridge, but two narrow planks without a hand-rail, like the scene in 'Sonnambula,' at her Majesty's. The Austrians, seeing the advance of this reinforcement, which threatened their flank, had placed five guns in battery on the top of the opposite bank, which is rather steep. The Zouaves swarmed over the bridge and rushed across the river, the water of which was lashed into spray by the incessant shower of grape. They rushed up the steep embankment like tigers; men tumbling down here and there and rolling down into the water below. There was a last discharge from the guns when at a distance of some twelve yards. The Zouaves leveled their bayonets, and closed up for their final dash. The men fell by dozens, but with a loud yell the assailants rushed forward, and the battery was cleared."

IO TRIOMPHE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A STATESMAN—AND WOMAN.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dinks and Alfred sat together in her room in the same twilight, but with a little end of candle burning on the bureau.

"Alfred, my dear, I see that Bowdoin Beacon drives out your cousin Hope a good deal."

Mrs. Dinks arranged her cap-ribbon as if she were at present mainly interested in that portion of her dress.

"Yes, a good deal," replied Mr. Alfred, in an uncertain tone, for he always felt uncomfortably at the prospect of a conversation with his mother, which usually acted upon him like an artesian well upon the earth, bringing forth the most precious results, for the purposes of the operator, from the most unpromising soil.

"I am surprised he should do so," continued Mrs. Dinks, with extraordinary languor, as if she should undoubtedly fall fast asleep before the present wearisome conversation terminated.

"Why shouldn't he drive her out, if he wants to?" inquired Alfred.

"Now, Alfred, be careful. Don't expose yourself even to me. It is too hot to be so execrably absurd. I suppose there is some sort of honor left among young men still, isn't there?"

And the languid mamma performed a very well executed yawn.

"Honor? I suppose there is. What do you mean?" replied Alfred.

Mamma yawned again.

"How drowsy one does feel here! I am so sleepy! What was I saying? Oh, I remember. Perhaps, however, Mr. Beacon doesn't know. That is probably the reason. He doesn't know. Well, in that case it is not so extraordinary. But I should think he must have seen—or inferred—or heard. A man may be very stupid. But he has no right to be so stupid as that. How many glasses do you drink at the spring in the morning, Alfred? Not more than six at the outside, I hope. Well, I believe I'll take a little nap."

She played with her cap string, somehow as if she were an angler playing a fish. There is capital trouting at Saratoga—or was, thirty years ago. You may see to this day a good many fish that were caught there, and with every kind of line and bait. Some of them are a little stale for fastidious tastes. In fact only those which have been kept in ice are well preserved.

Alfred bit again.

"I wish you wouldn't talk in such a puzzling kind of way, mother. What do you mean about his knowing and hearing and inferring?"

"Come, come, Alfred, you are getting too cunning. Why, you sly dog, do you think you can impose upon me with an air of ignorance because I am so sleepy? Heigh-ho."

Another successful yawn. Sportsmen are surely the best sport in the world.

"Now, Alfred," continued his mother, "are you so silly as to suppose for one moment that Bowdoin Beacon has not seen the whole thing and known it from the beginning?"

"Why," exclaimed Alfred in alarm, "do you?"

"Of course. He has eyes and ears, I suppose, and every body understood it."

"Did they?" asked the wretched Alfred, not in the least comprehending whether he and his mother were talking of the same thing.

"Of course. Every body knew it must be so, and agreed that it was highly proper—in fact, the only thing."

"Oh, certainly. Clearly the only thing," replied Alfred, fairly wallowing in doubt.

"And therefore I say it is not quite honorable in Beacon to drive her out in such a marked manner. And I may as well say at once that I think you had better settle the thing immediately. The world understands it already, so it will be a mere private understanding among ourselves, much more agreeable for all parties. Perhaps this evening even, hey, Alfred?"

Mrs. Dinks adjusted herself upon the sofa in a sort of final manner, as if the affair were now satisfactorily arranged.

To what end had the good Alfred read Botts on Dogs? What did it avail that he had ridden across country with young Lord Tantivy at a meeting of the Melmoth hounds, in Norfolk, and had lost money to Viscount Tattersalls at the Derby? tales with which the Trimountain billiard rooms in his native city were familiar. And what shall a man gain though he bring home that high European habit of claret for breakfast, so admirably adapted to the customs of American life, and though he play the best game of billiards at the Trimountain rooms, if he loses his wits when a woman asks a question?

"It's no use talking that way, mother; it's all done."

Mrs. Dinks was sleepy no longer. She bounced like an India rubber ball. Even the cap ribbons were left to shift for themselves. She turned and clasped Alfred in her arms.

"My blessed son!"

Then followed a moment of silent rapture, during which she moistened his shirt-collar with maternal tears.

"Alfred," whispered she, "are you really engaged?"

"Yes'm."

She squeezed him as if he were a bag of the million dollars of which she felt herself to be henceforth mistress.

"You dear, good boy! Then you *are* sly after all!"

"Yes'm, I'm afraid I am," rejoined Alfred very uncomfortably, and with an extremely ridiculous and nervous impression that his mother was congratulating him upon something she knew nothing about.

"Dear, *dear*, DEAR, boy!" said Mrs. Dinks, with a crescendo affection and triumph as she thought of the vast stream which she would immediately begin to turn in a hundred convenient little channels to irrigate her hitherto somewhat arid fields of life. She regarded her dear boy in the light of a reservoir into which the stream would flow, and from which she could lay her pipes as occasion demanded. Already she saw distinctly a more superb cashmere than Mrs. Beacon's—yea, even two. She beheld her own carriage driving out of the Future at a wildly rapid rate, preparatory to its calm, smooth, aristocratic rumbling through the respectable streets of much admiring Boston. Ditto servants, and in livery! Balls, dinners, plate, jewels, dresses, all that makes life sweet and ennobling, she saw them all, she beheld so-ci-e-ty dazzled and prostrate before her as she gazed from the Pisgah of her delight in hearing her dear boy's assurance, "It's done."

Such was the force of the torrent of his mother's satisfaction that dear Alfred did not dare to interpose an explanatory word. He could brave fever and ague, and fire and water, to get a little bird, and stand for hours in the blistering sun upon the rocks at the sea-shore tugging at a bass; but he could not tell his mother that he was afraid she had mistaken the person of whom he had spoken.

While he was still miserable, and his mother had sunk far away into silent reveries of the Millennium which Alfred had announced, his father, the unemployed statesman, the Honorable Budlong Dinks, entered.

To the infinite surprise of that gentleman, his wife rose, came to him, put her arm affectionately in his, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, whispered exultingly, and not very softly,

"It's done without the wagon. Our dear boy has justified our fondest hopes, Budlong!"

The statesman slipped his shoulder from under her head. If there was one thing of which he was profoundly persuaded it was that a really great man—a man to whom important public functions may be properly intrusted—must, under no circumstances, be bamboozled by his wife. He must gently, but firmly, teach her her proper sphere. She must *not* attempt to bribe that judgment to which the country naturally looks in moments of difficulty.

Having restored his wife to an upright position, the honorable gentleman looked upon her with distinguished consideration; and playing with the seals that hung at the end of his watch-ribbon, asked her, with the most protective kindness in the world, what she was talking about.

It was a favorite theory of the Honorable Budlong Dinks that the husband, belonging to the peerage of nature, the upper sex, should study the world and his race at large.

The other and completing part of this theory was that the woman should study the man, her husband; and if, as sometimes happens, she were not married, she was to study the possible husband, and consider how she could most satisfactorily, in case of matrimony, minister to his wants.

The Honorable Budlong had an obedient wife. She studied him; and it is to be hoped he learned his lesson as well as she did hers.

Having now shown her affection by coming to him, and her respect by remaining standing for a few moments, she concluded, in order not to annoy him by indirectly suggesting to him by too much homage that he was ridiculous, that she would seat herself again.

So subsiding upon the sofa, she said,

"Alfred is engaged as we wished."

She laid her cap-ribbons properly upon her shoulder, smoothed her dress, and began to fan herself in a kind of complacent triumph.

The honorable gentleman beamed approval with as much cordiality as statesmen who are also fathers of private families, as well as of the public, ought to indulge toward their children. Shaking the hand of his son as if his shoulder wanted oiling, he said,

"Marriage is a most important relation. Young men can not be too cautious in regard to it. It is not an affair of the feelings merely—but common sense dictates that when new relations are likely to arise, suitable provision should be made. Hence every well-regulated person considers the matter from a pecuniary point of view. The pecuniary point of view is indispensable. We can do without sentiment in this world, for sentiment is a luxury. We can not dispense with money, because money is a necessity. It gives me, therefore, great pleasure to hear that the choice of my son has evinced the good sense which, I may say without affectation, I hope he has inherited, and has justified the pains and expense which I have been at in his education. My son, I congratulate you. Mrs. Dinks, I congratulate you."

The honorable gentleman thereupon shook hands with his wife and son, as if he were congratulating them upon having such an eloquent and dignified husband and father, and then blew his nose gravely and loudly, with the air of a man who has performed the *reductio ad absurdum* upon the argument of his distinguished opponent. Having restored his handkerchief, he smiled in general, as it were—as if he hung out signals of amity with mankind upon condition of good behavior on their part.

Poor Alfred was more speechless than ever. He felt very warm and red, and began to surmise that to be engaged was not necessarily to be free from carking care. He was sorely puzzled to know how to break the real news to his parents:

"Oh! dear me," thought Alfred, "oh! dear me, I wonder if Fanny wouldn't do it. I guess I'd better ask her. I wonder if Hope would have had me! Oh! dear me. I wonder if old Newt is rich. How'd I happen to do it? Oh! dear me."

He felt very much depressed indeed.

"Well, mother, I'm going down," said he.

"My dear, dear son! Kiss me, Alfred," replied his mother.

He stooped and kissed her cheek.

"How happy we shall all be!" murmured she.

"Oh, very, very happy!" answered Alfred, as he opened the door.

But as he closed it behind him, the best billiard player at the Trimountain billiard rooms said, ruefully, in his heart, while he went to his beloved:

"Oh! dear me! Oh! — dear — me! How'd I happen to do it?"

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE PORTRAIT AND THE MINIATURE.

Life at Pinewood, as led by Christopher Burt and Mrs. Simcoe, was so still and stately that Mrs. Beacon, or any of the unmarried State-houses, might have been entirely at home in it.

The golden days of September glimmered through the dark sighing trees about the house, and relieved the white brightness that had burned upon the hills during the dog-days. Mr. Burt drove into town and drove out. Dr. Peewee called at short intervals, played backgammon with his parishioner, listened to his stories, told stories of his own, and joined him in his little excursions to the West Indies. If Hosea Wumley stopped him in the road and said:

"I jes want to ax yer, Doctor, whether yer think well of this ere Temperance reform?"

The Doctor replied:

"Think well of it? H'm, ha! Yes—think well of it. Think pretty well of it. H'm, ha! Pretty well, pretty well. Temperance, my friend—not abstinence; no, no—h'm, ha!—not abstinence nor excess. Good-morning!"

"But, Doctor, jest you look here. How's about old Mr. Burt? I heerd suth'n'. Hay, Doctor?"

"H'm, ha! Yes, so they say. There are—yes, h'm, ha!—unhappily, rumors of unfortunate habits in connection with that gentleman. Unfortunate? Yes, unfortunate. But who—h'm, ha!—who of us is perfect?"

And the Doctor was off, and heard no further questions, while Hosea punched his pipe and smiled through the smoke, and said to his marm, who sat quietly plying her needles by his side:

"I guess now the Doctor'll get darned het up, ef he walks that way this weather."

Marm Wumley raised her eyes:

"Law sakes alive, yes, in course."

Then the needles clicked, as if they would soon be het up, too, and the smoke poured from Hosea's mouth as if he were het up already.

Sometimes Mrs. Simcoe came to the shop, and had to answer the kindest inquiries about Hope Wayne, and her "dear, blessed, pooty face," as Marm Wumley called it, with a kind light in her eyes, while she measured calico and crash, and matched thread and needles.

One day Hiram brought Mrs. Simcoe a letter, which she took to her own room, and sat down by the window to read.

"Saratoga.

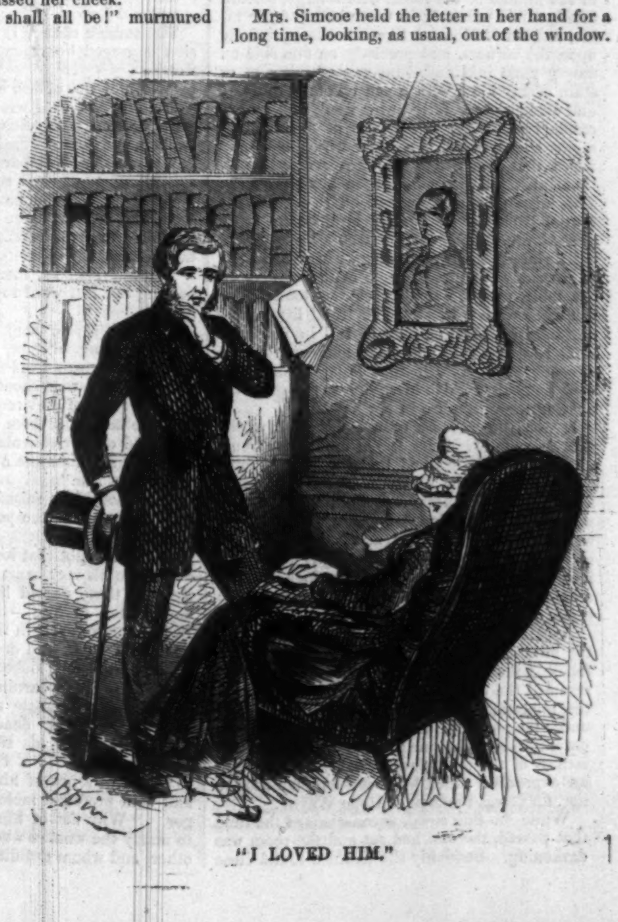
"Dear Aunty,—We're about going away, and we have been so gay that you would suppose I had had 'society' enough. Do you remember our funny talk? There have been a great many people here from every part of the country; and it has been nothing but bowling, walking, riding, dancing, dining at the lake, and listening to music in the moonlight, all the time. Aunt Dinks has been very kind, but although I have met a great many people I have not made many friends. I have seen nobody whom I like as much as Amy Waring or Mr. Lawrence Newt, of whom I wrote you from New York, and they have neither of them been here. I think of Pinewood a great deal, but it seems to me long and long ago that I used to live there. It is strange how much older and different I feel. But I never forget you, dearest Aunty, and I should like this very moment to stand by your side at your window as I used to, and look out at the hills, or better still, to lie in your lap or on my bed and hear you sing one of the dear old hymns. I thought I had forgotten them until lately. But I remember them very often now. I think of Pinewood a great deal, and I love you dearly; and yet somehow I do not feel as if I cared to go back there to live. Isn't that strange? Give my love to Grandpa, and tell him I am neither engaged to a foreign minister, nor a New York merchant, nor a Southern planter—nor to any body else. But he must keep up heart, for there's plenty of time yet. Good-by, dear Aunty. I seem to hear you singing,

'Oh that I now the rest might know!'

Do you know how often you used to sing that? How beautiful it is, and how natural! Good-by.

"Your affectionate Hope."

Mrs. Simcoe held the letter in her hand for a long time, looking, as usual, out of the window.



"I LOVED HIM."

Presently she rose and went to a bureau and unlocked a drawer with a key that she carried in her pocket. Taking out an ebony box like a casket she unlocked that in turn, and then lifted from it a morocco case, evidently a miniature. She returned to her chair and seated herself again, swaying her body gently to and fro as if confirming some difficult resolution, but with the same inscrutable expression upon her face. Still holding the case in her hands unopened, she murmured—

"I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill."

She repeated the whole hymn several times, as if it were a kind of spell or incantation, and while she was yet saying it she opened the miniature.

The western light streamed over the likeness of a man of a gallant, graceful air, in whom the fires of youth were not yet burned out, and in whose presence there might be some peculiar fascination. The hair was rather long and fair—the features were handsomely moulded, but wore a slightly jaded expression, which often seems to a woman an air of melancholy, but which a man would have recognized at once as the result of dissipation. There was a singular cast in the eye, and a kind of lofty, irresistible command in the whole aspect which appeared to be quite as much an assumption of manner as a real superiority. In fact it was the likeness of what is technically called a man of the world, whose frank insolence and symmetry of feature pass for manly beauty and composure.

The miniature was in the face of a gold locket, on the back of which there was a curl of the same fair hair. It was so fresh and glossy that it might have been cut off the day before. But the quaintness of the setting and the costume of the portrait showed that it had been taken many years previous, and that in the order of nature the original was probably dead.

As Mrs. Simcoe held the miniature in both hands and looked at it, her body still rocked over it, and her lips still murmured.

Then rocking and murmuring stopped together, and she seemed like one listening to music or the ringing of distant bells.

And as she sat perfectly still in the golden September sunshine, it was as if it had shone into her soul; so that a softer light streamed into her eyes, and the hard inscrutability of her face melted as by some internal warmth, and a tender rejuvenescence somehow blossomed out upon her cheeks until all the sweetness became sadness, and heavy tears dropped from her eyes upon the picture she still looked at.

Then, with the old hardness stealing into her face again, she rose calmly, carrying the miniature in her hand, and went out of the room, and down the stairs into the library, which was opposite the parlor in which Abel Newt had seen the picture of old Grandpa Burt at the age of ten, holding a hoop and book.

There were book-shelves upon every side but one—stately ranges of well-ordered books in substantial old calf and gilt English bindings, and so carefully placed upon the shelves, in such methodical distribution of shapes and sizes, that the whole room had an air of preternatural propriety utterly foreign to a library. It seemed like the most select and aristocratic society of books—much too fine to permit the excitement of interest in any thing they contained—much too high-bred to be of the slightest use in imparting information. Glass doors were carefully closed over them and locked, as if the books were beatified respectabilities laid away in shrines. And the same solemn order extended to the library table, which was precisely in the middle of the room, with a large, solemn family Bible precisely in the middle of the table, and smaller books, like satellites, precisely upon the corners, and precisely on one side an empty glass inkstand, innocent of ink spot or stain of any kind, with a pen carefully mended and evidently carefully never used, and an exemplary pen-wiper which was as unsullied as might be expected of a wiper which had only wiped that pen which was never dipped into that inkstand which had been always empty. The inkstand was supported on the other side of the Bible by an equally immaculate ivory paper-knife.

The large leather library chairs were arranged in precisely the proper angle at the corners of the table, and the smaller chairs stood under the windows two by two, like timid little Sunday-school children ready to fall into procession. All was cold and clean and locked up—all—except a portrait that hung against the wall, and below which Mrs. Simcoe stopped, still holding the miniature in her hand.

It was the likeness of a lovely girl, whose rich, delicate loveliness, full of tender but tremulous character, seemed to be a kind of foreshadowing of Hope Wayne. The eyes were of a deep, soft darkness, that held the spectator with a dreamy fascination. The other features were exquisitely moulded, and suffused with an airy, girlish grace that was not light and heedless, but thoughtful, so that the look became almost a pathetic appeal against the inevitable griefs of life.

As Mrs. Simcoe stood looking at it and at the miniature she held, the sadness which had followed the sweetness died away, and her face resumed the old rigid inscrutability. She held the miniature straight before her and directly under the portrait; and, as she looked, the apparent pride of the one and the tremulous earnestness of the other indescribably blended into an expression which had been long familiar to her, for it was the look of Hope Wayne.

While she thus stood, unconscious of the time that passed, the sun had set and the room was darkening. Suddenly she heard a sound close at her side, and started. Her hand instinctively closed over the miniature and concealed it.

There stood a man kindly regarding her. He was not an old man, but there was a touch of quaintness in his appearance. He did not speak when she saw him, and for several minutes they stood silent together. Then their eyes rose simultaneously to the picture, met again, and Mrs. Simcoe, putting out her hand, said, in a low voice:

"Lawrence Newt!"

It was our genial friend. He shook her hand warmly, and made little remarks, while she seemed to be studying into his face, as if she were looking for something she did not find there.

Every body did the same. Every body looked into Lawrence Newt's face to discover what he was thinking of, and nobody ever saw. Mrs. Simcoe remembered a time when she had seen.

"It is more than twenty years since I saw you. Have I grown very old?" asked he.

"No, not old. I see the boy I remember; but your face is not so clear as it used to be."

Lawrence Newt laughed.

"You compliment me without knowing it. My face is the lid of a chest full of the most precious secrets; would you have the lid transparent? Why, I am a merchant. Suppose every body could look in through my face and see what I really think of the merchandise I am selling! What kind of profit do you think I should make? No, no, we want no tell-tale faces in South Street."

He said this in a tone that corresponded with the expression which baffled Mrs. Simcoe, and perplexed her only the more. But it did not repel her nor beget distrust. A porcupine hides his flesh in bristling quills, but a magnolia, when its time has not yet come, folds its heart in and in with overlacing tissues of creamy richness and fragrance. The flower is not sullen, it is only secret.

"I suppose you are twenty years wiser than you were," said Mrs. Simcoe.

"What is wisdom?" asked Lawrence Newt.

"To give the heart to God," replied she.

"That I have discovered," he said.

"And have you given it?"

"I hope so."

"Yes, but haven't you the assurance?" asked she, earnestly.

"I hope so," responded Lawrence Newt in the same kindly tone.

"But assurance is a gift," continued she.

"A gift of what?"

"Of Peace," replied Mrs. Simcoe.

"Ah! well, I have that," said the other, quietly, as his eyes rested upon the portrait.

There was moisture in the eyes.

"Her daughter is very like her," he said, musingly; and the two stood together silently for some time.

"Not entirely," replied Mrs. Simcoe, as if to assert some other resemblance.

"Perhaps not, but I never saw her father."

As Lawrence Newt said this, Mrs. Simcoe raised her hand, opened it, and held the miniature before his eyes. He took it and gazed closely at it.

"And this is Colonel Wayne," said he, slowly. "This is the man who broke another man's heart and murdered a woman."

A mingled expression of pain, indignation, passionate regret, and resignation suddenly glittered on the face of Mrs. Simcoe.

"Mr. Newt, Mr. Newt," said she, hurriedly, in a thick voice, "let us at least respect the dead!"

Lawrence Newt, still holding the miniature in his hand, looked surprised and searchingly at his companion. A lofty pity shot into his eyes.

"Could I speak of her otherwise?"

The sudden change in Mrs. Simcoe's expression conveyed her thought to him before her words:

"No, no! not of *her*, but—"

She stopped, as if wrestling with a fierce inward agony. The veins on her forehead were swollen, and her eyes flashed with singular light. It was not clear whether she were trying to say something, to conceal something, or simply to recover her self-command. It was a terrible spectacle, and Lawrence Newt felt as if he must vail his eyes, as if he had no right to look upon this great agony of another.

"But—" said he, mechanically, as if by repeating her last word to help her in her struggle.

The sad, severe woman stood before him in the darkening twilight, erect, and more than erect, drawn back from him, and quivering and defiant. She was silent for an instant, then leaning forward and reaching toward him, she took the miniature from Lawrence Newt, closed her hand over it convulsively, and gasped in a tone that sounded like a low, wailing cry:

"But of *him*."

Lawrence Newt raised his eyes from the vehement woman to the portrait that hung above her.

In the twilight that lost loveliness glimmered down into his very heart with appealing pathos. Perhaps those parted lips in their red bloom had spoken to him—lips so long ago dust! Perhaps those eyes, in the days forever gone—gone with hopes and dreams, and the soft lustre of youth—had looked into his own, had answered his fond yearning with equal fondness. By all that passionate remembrance, by a lost love, by the early dead, he was conjured to speak, nor suffer his silence even to seem to shield a crime.

"And why not of him?" he began, calmly, and with profound melancholy rather than anger. "Why not of him, who did not hesitate to marry the woman whom he knew loved another, and whom the difference of years should rather have made his daughter than his wife? Why not of him, who brutally confessed, when she was his wife, an earlier and truer love of his own, and so murdered her slowly, slowly—not with blows of the hand, oh no!—not with poison in her food, oh no!" cried Lawrence Newt, warming into bitter vehemence, clenching his hand and shaking it in the air, "but who struck her blows on the heart—who stabbed her with sharp icicles of indifference—who poisoned her soul with the tauntings of his mean suspicions—mean and false—and the meaner because he knew them to be false? Why not of him, who—"

"Stop! in the name of God!" she cried, fiercely, raising her hand as if she appealed to Heaven.

It fell again. The hard voice sank to a tremulous, pitiful tone:

"Oh! stop, if you are a man!"

They stood opposite each other in utter silence. The light had almost faded. The face in the picture was no longer visible.

Bewildered and awed by the passionate grief of his companion, Lawrence Newt said, gently, "Why should I stop?"

The form before him had sunk into a chair. Both its hands were clasped over the miniature. He heard the same strange voice like the wailing cry of a child:

"Because I am the woman he loved—because I loved him!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

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